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THE

ULSTER HARMONIST,

CONSISTING OF

CONSTITUTIONAL SONGS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,

WITH

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

BY ROBERT YOUNG,
THE "FERMANAGH TRUE BLUE."

"Deeds often die, however nobly done—
The thoughts of men do in themselves decay;
But acts, when brought in vivid verse to run
On memory's fair tablet, firmly stay,
Nor can by streams of time be washed away."

"So, great and good men poets always cherish,
Who suffer not their memory to perish."

Spenser's Ruins of Time.

DERRY:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR AT THE SENTINEL OFFICE, PUMP-STREET.

1840.

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PREFACE.

THE favourable reception given to the "ORANGE MINSTREL," published in 1832, has emboldened the Author and compiler of the present volume, to come again before the public. A reference to the list of subscribers who supported him in his former undertaking, will, he trusts, relieve him from the charge of presumptuousness in making his appearance a second time; as the "MINSTREL" will be found to have obtained a more respectable and extensive patronage than was ever before given to any work of a similar description. Encouraged by this consideration, and finding the same fatal necessity existing (as at first prompted his muse) for arousing the slumbering energies of the friends of the Altar and the Throne, in order that they might be stimulated to stand forward in their defence, he responds to what he considers the call of duty; and trusts that the record of historical facts brought forward in the following pages, will be in some measure instrumental in producing a community of feeling among Protestants of every denomination, who, at the present crisis, should, from the Peer to the peasant, be united as one man in defence of what yet remains of our once glorious Constitution, assailed, as it now is, by the combined energy of Popery and Infidelity, which, if not resisted, threaten at no remote period to annihilate not only the institu-

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tions of the country, but even the Protestant religion within this realm. The influence of lyric poetry in rousing the passions, and calling forth the sympathies of the mind, is too universally admitted to require a single observation : and if a Moore, the author of seditious and licentious songs, has been considered deserving of a pension by our present Whig-Radical Administration, the humble man who exerts his talents in writing loyal and constitutional pieces, must surely have some claim on the patronage of those whose cause he advocates, although he cannot make pretensions to the expansive and highly cultivated genius of the celebrated Irish bard.

In preparing the materials for this publication, care has been taken to select none but such as possess merit; among these will be found some of the best lyric productions of the Rev. John Graham, whose name, as a writer of historical songs, is deservedly popular—and also a few from the pen of the celebrated Charlotte Elizabeth. Of the other selections, the greater part are anonymous—in some of these, verbal alterations have been occasionally made, in order to suit them more immediately to the times in which we live, and to remove any phrase or expression which might appear as having a tendency to give to the creature the praise which is due to the Creator, who alone giveth victory, and crowns with success the exertions of those who love and fear Him. these selections, as in the former work, are marked with an asterisk; and the names of the authors, (when known,) are attached—they are intermingled with his

own, from which, by the marks referred to, they can easily be distinguished. By adopting this plan, instead of confining himself to his own productions, he has rendered the present work more valuable, and given variety to these pages, so as to meet the tastes of the different persons into whose hands the volume may chance to fall, while through the whole the design is kept in view of inspiring love for the land in which we live, and the rights and privileges which we enjoy under the British Constitution. Nor has the gallant soldier or sailor been forgotten—care has been taken to provide for each of them effusions suited to their various situations, and which, adapted to the martial airs of England, will be found no unworthy stimulus to her bravest sons, and well calculated to encourage them on the battle plain, or her mighty "field of fame," the blood-stained deck, to exert themselves to the utmost in preserving, untarnished, the glory and honour of the British empire. With regard to his own songs, he has published none of those which have already appeared but such as he has the satisfaction to know have been universally approved of, supplying the places of those rejected with original ones, which, he flatters himself, will also be well received. The "Defence of Enniskillen," in particular, appears now in a revised form, with a few more notes attached to it; and to facilitate the reader in referring to the latter, the stanzas are marked with numerals, which must be considered an improvement. The idea of writing this poem, the first systematic attempt at recording in song the actions of the brave Enniskilleners, was suggested by reading Graham's inimitable song on the siege of Derry; but

though it is adapted to the same music, it will be found sufficiently distinct from the one referred to, to exempt its author from the charge of plagiarism, or of being looked upon in the light of a servile copyist. In a poem embracing such a number of the names of men and places as occur in this one, the versification cannot be expected to be as smooth and free from errors as in a composition in which the same difficulties are not to be encountered: the writer of it, nevertheless, fondly hopes that it will preserve his name in Fermanagh, his native county, particularly among the descendants of the heroic men whose names are recorded in it, long after he has discharged the debt of nature, and sunk into the oblivion of the grave. To some of the other songs notes have also been attached, which, it is hoped, will not be found devoid of interest.

As the events which occurred at Londonderry, Enniskillen, the Boyne, and Aughrim, occupy a prominent place in the history of the glorious Revolution of 1688, frequent allusion is made to them in these pages, particularly to Derry, as being the most conspicuous, from the length of time which the siege lasted, and the unparalleled sufferings and fortitude of its renowned defenders. What Marathon and Thermopylæ were to the Greeks, Londonderry and Enniskillen will ever be to the Protestants of Ireland, inspiring them with vigour, should a fatal necessity arise, to call forth their energies in the same cause for which the heroes of 1688-9 fought, bled, and conquered. Of these men, the protectors of Protestantism, and, with it, of civil and religious liberty in these realms, it may be truly said—

" That long for them the poets lyre
Shall wake its strains of heavenly fire :
Their names shall nerve the patriot's hand,
Upraised to save a sinking land,
And piety shall learn to turn
With holier transports o'er their urn."

The lyrics of which the " Maiden City" has been the theme, will be found so varied, as not to appear monotonous, and the airs applied to them, as well as to those throughout the entire volume, have long been admired by the lovers of music. It is not to be expected that this work would be free from errors ; but whatever may be its faults in other respects, it is free from making an improper use of Scripture language, a practice too prevalent in the old Masonic and Orange songs, and with the exception of the airs, which, in themselves, cannot be considered sinful, it contains nothing repugnant to the feelings of the serious and devout Christian. They are songs of deliverance, expressive of heartfelt gratitude.

Should he be assailed by critics of the Romish or Radical school, who scruple not in the present day at attempting to blacken by calumny every man, no matter how exalted in station, or eminent for virtue, who has the manliness to speak or write on behalf of the Protestant religion—he tells them beforehand, that he despises their malignity, and can afford to treat their lucubrations with silent contempt. He wishes, in the meantime, to observe, that he wars not with men, but with opinions and dogmas, which are subversive of civil liberty, and proved by the experience of past ages to be incompatible with Christianity, and dangerous to the peace and well-being of the empire.

Any man who carefully considers the workings of Popery at the present day, and what it was when it had the ascendancy over Europe, will find it actuated by the same ambitious, intolerant, and persecuting spirit; with this exception, that circumstances have made it assume another guise, under the semblance of liberal principles and toleration. To counteract the deep designs of this dangerous and diabolical creed, requires the greatest possible vigilance on the part of the Protestants of this country; and to stimulate them to exert themselves in resisting its encroachments, so that they may be enabled to transmit to posterity the freedom and privileges which were purchased for them by the blood and valour of the worthy and courageous men, whose deeds are referred to in these lyrics, is the object of the publisher of this volume, and not the view of acquiring fame by the undertaking, as he has no ambition to gratify, beyond a wish to contribute his mite in defence of the cause of Protestantism, to which, to the best of his ability, he has long devoted whatever talents the Giver of all good gifts has been pleased to endow him with.

THE FERMANAGH TRUE BLUE.

Londonderry, September, 1840.

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SONG-WRITING.

TO THE FERMANAGH TRUE BLUE,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS "ORANGE MINSTREL" IN 1832.

"Ink and paper cannot be in a more useful purpose employed than in giving publicity to poetry, which leadeth and moveth to virtue."

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

Saul slew his thousands, and young David slew
His tens of thousands,* and an host o'erthrew;
This song rent kingdoms, and song still has power
To rend or bind up empires to this hour.
Let me but write for nations songs, exclaims
The great Lord Chatham—so said learned Kaimes,
Let us write ballads that all men will sing
And we may rule them let who will be King:
Of this O'Connell's minions are aware,
Who chaunt his praises in each country fair—
The song, though vulgar, and its music rude,
To treason leads the thoughtless multitude;
For nothing so inflames the untaught mind
As verse that in it can an echo find.
In this the songs of Moore most songs surpass,
Corrupting, by their poison, every class;
But you, Fermanagh Minstrel, have the art
Of writing songs which please and mend the heart—
Unlike the vulgar trash sung in our fairs,
But bold and chaste and set to lively airs,
Quite Constitutional and full of fire,
Fit for the voice and patriotic lyre.
Each honest man may hand them safely down
To sons who love the Monarch, Church, and Crown,
And, whether they be read or sweetly sung,
Commend the loyal songs of "True Blue" Young.

RICHARD RAMSAY.

Letterkenny, 28th December, 1832.

* See 1st Samuel, xviii. 6, 7.

THE

DEFENCE OF ENNISKILLEN,

AN HISTORICAL SONG.

AIR—"Boyne Water."

I.

HAIL, Enniskillen! warlike town,
Long famed in ancient story;
What place can rival thy renown,
Or boast of half thy glory?
Here Freedom raised her standard bright,
When James our rights invaded—
Here Freemen put their foes to flight,
And Tyranny impeded.

II.

Spirit of Song, inspire my tongue,
Fill me with animation;
Tune every harp which hangs unstrung
Throughout this Irish nation:
Let all in one vast chorus join,
To sing each brave defender
Of Enniskillen and the Boyne,
Who made their foes surrender.

III.

If to these scenes we turn our eyes,
We view with admiration,
A band of heroes bold arise—
To save a ruin'd nation;
With mighty arm and glittering steel,
They met the host approaching,
And made their fiercest foemen feel
The danger of encroaching.

IV.

The Protestants of Erin, then,
Were fiercely persecuted,
By monsters, in the shape of men,
Who this fair Isle polluted;
Their maidens violated were—
Their houses burn'd or plunder'd—
While shrieks of murder fill'd the air,
And Pity wept and wonder'd!

V.

But Enniskillen's guardians brave,
On Heaven for aid depending,
Resolv'd their native land to save,
By that strong pass defending;
And soon their great—their glorious name—
Their enemies affrighted,
For in the bloody field of fame
Their hopes they always blighted.

VI.

Great Hamilton, in this just cause,
Stood forth the townsmen cheering;
Creighton and Wolesley gain'd applause,
And Lloyd, no danger fearing;
Stone, Cooper, Berry, Smith, and Gore,
Galbraith and Vaughan steady,
Still on renown'd Lough Erne's shore,
To meet the foe were ready.

VII.

On came the Irish, flush'd with rage,
The town to enter vaunting—
But forth in battle to engage,
With hearts for conflict panting,
A band rush'd out, at whose dread sight,
The cowardly invaders
From Lisbellaw in haste took flight,
With their ferocious leaders.

VIII.

Then Lord Galmoy, with bigot zeal,
And fierce determination,
Against Crom Castle to prevail,
Came bent on devastation:
Mock cannon on a hill he plac'd,
As if the walls to batter,
But soon he and his troops were chas'd
Like mists that strong winds scatter.

IX.

Fair Ballyshannon to protect,
From enemies, surrounding,
A chosen few now march'd direct,
Their music sweetly sounding;
And at Beleek this gallant band
Surprised the depredators,
And rush'd to meet, with sword in hand,
Their country's desolators.

X.

Their weighty blows soon caus'd their foes,
To fly in great confusion,
While on the plain, one hundred slain,
Repaid their rash intrusion;
Their captur'd chief, with poignant grief,
Beheld this sad disaster,
Which seem'd to state the approaching fate
Of his degraded Master.

XI.

Meantime the Host, in Dublin town,
Was rais'd in exultation—
The crownless King to it bow'd down,
In prostrate adoration:
And, now against the valiant North,
Across the Boyne's fair water,
He hordes of savage troops sent forth,
The Protestants to slaughter.

XII.

But gallant Enniskillen town,
And Derry fam'd in story,
Soon put his proud pretensions down,
And marr'd his hope of glory;
Like rocks, resisting ocean's tide,
In stormy winds high swelling,
His power and pride they still defied—
His utmost force repelling.

XIII.

At Omagh and Belturbet's gate,
Intrepid Lloyd commanding,
They promptly made the foe retreat,
Their garrisons disbanding;
By this bold stroke the threaten'd yoke
The victors brave obstructed,
And to their town, deck'd with renown,
Rich spoils of war conducted.

XIV.

Six thousand men, from Munster, then,
Commanded by M'Carty,
Advanced, to make Fermanagh shake,
And join'd Maguire's fierce party—
Resolv'd it, southward, to invest,
And suffer none to aid it,
While Berwick, north, and Sarsfield, west,
Conjointly should invade it.

XV.

The wary Governor, discreet,
Their deep-laid plan descrying,
Gave notice to the English fleet,
In fair Lough Swilly lying,
Who to his aid great guns convey'd,
With timely expedition,
And better still, with men of skill,
A store of ammunition.

XVI.

And now for battle-field prepared,
All thoughts of danger spurning,
Our faith and liberties to guard,
Each heart with ardour burning,
Resolv'd at once forth to advance,
Fermanagh's wrongs redressing,
And bravely drive the Irish hive,
From ground therein possessing.

XVII.

To Lisnaskea they took their way,
The gallant Berry leading,
While Wolseley true, the troops forth drew,
His movements promptly aiding;
Great Berry's word was fam'd "Oxford,"
At Narrowpass, when halting,
The causeway's end he did defend,
His standard high exalting.

XVIII.

And quickly then M'Carty's men
Came on, our troops engaging,
But strove in vain their ground to gain,
Though Hamilton was raging;
In skirmish hot a "true blue" shot
To quarters sent him wounded;
His friend fell dead—his army fled,
While Berry's trumpet sounded.

XIX.

Old Newtownbutler in a blaze
Proclaimed the foe were flying,
While on the ridge, near Wattle bridge,
Their wounded men were dying;
Like base poltroons, Lord Clare's dragoons,
At safety only aiming,
In sorry plight, first took to flight,
Their yellow facings shaming.

XX.

Bold Armstrong pursued them long,
Beside Fermanagh's border,
Leaving their foot to hot pursuit,
In terror and disorder;
Who press'd now sore, a bog ran o'er,
Away their muskets casting,
And through a wood, stain'd with their blood,
Mountcashel's laurels blasting.

XXI.

In panic, then, five hundred men
For safety took the water,
Lough Erne's wave soon prov'd their grave,
While all the rest found slaughter:
Through all this night the moon shone bright,
On Enniskillen's glory,
And many a slave, without a grave,
Lay breathless, grim, and gory.

XXII.

Brave Smith's sharp sword, as rolls record,
Made all beholders wonder,
Whose one strong blow, at frowning foe,
The forehead cut asunder:
Six thousand men were vanquish'd then,
By one third of their number,
And James's cause, that sham'd our laws,
In ruin sent to slumber.

XXIII.

Of heroes fam'd, not one is nam'd,
In Greece or Rome's bright pages,
Like Wilson strong, whose deeds in song,
Shall live through latest ages.
TWELVE wounds could not his strength subdue,
A thirteenth only stunn'd him,
The weapon from his wound he drew,
And kill'd the foe that shunn'd him.

XXIV.

Here Ensign Bell in glory fell,
With Captain Robert Corry,
Good men and true as man could view,
And brave as Adam Murray;
Not many more, a single score
Were kill'd while guns did rattle,
Whilst of their host the Irish lost
Three thousand in this battle.

XXV.

Mountcashel rode from shady wood,
To meet his death preparing,
Upon the spot his horse was shot;
But Cooper, kindly sparing
His worthless life, from scene of strife
Led off this Lord, declaring
He scorn'd to fly, but wish'd to die,
Of James's cause despairing.

XXVI.

Thus those brave victors of renown,
By valiantly contending,
From ruin sav'd their faithful town,
At distance it defending;
The country round protection found,
Through their triumphant arms,
Which every where successful were
In quelling war's alarms.

XXVII.

Then homeward, crown'd with laurels gay,
Our heroes march'd elated,
Berwick and Sarsfield, in dismay,
To shun them now retreated;
With townsmen true, these soldiers few,
Who made their foes to tremble,
To hail the day, and grateful pray,
Devoutly did assemble.

XXVIII.

Brave Dicky, Hassard, Slack, and White,
With Cathcart, Ross, and Taylor,
Mitchel, and Gibson, bold in fight,
Repell'd each proud assailer;
Hudson and Hart, like men took part,
Though each at first a stranger,
From Shannon side they both did ride,
To share our townsmen's danger.

XXIX.

Irvine, Cosbie, King, and Wood,
With Graham, Blair, and Browning,
At Enniskillen boldly stood,
While Freedom's foes were frowning;
Johnston and Shore, with Wynn and Moore,
Scott, Webster, French, and Dury,
Tiffan and Dean in arms were seen,
Resisting James's fury.

XXX.

Frith, Lindsay, Russell, Price, and Ball,
At each parade attended,
With Bedell, Parsons, Hughes, and Hall,
They our good cause defended;
The Osbornes here did soon appear,
Buchanan, Birney, Bailly,
Against the foe, with Young and Crow,
To battle went forth daily.

XXXI.

Ellis, Woodward, Clarke, and Wear,
Crosbie and Crozier, early,
For William, here did all appear,
And fought the foemen fairly;
Montgomery, of house renown'd,
In French and English story,
Came to our aid, and quickly found
Companions in his glory.

XXXII.

This worthy band, with heart and hand,
Rush'd forth on each occasion,
Disdaining fear, nor held life dear,
When checking fell invasion;
Where battle rag'd, they still engag'd,
The foe before them driving,
And by their zeal for England's weal,
Expiring hope reviving.

XXXIII.

And at the Boyne behold them join
King William, honour gaining—
At Aughrim, too, those heroes view
The British cause maintaining.
By fame then crown'd for deeds renown'd,
And all their foes defeated,
Peace reign'd once more, fair Ulster o'er,
In safety reinstated.

XXXIV.

Hail, Enniskillen ! fam'd of old
For liberty defending,
Round thee we still a race behold
Of patriots unbending,
Who, should our faith invaded be,
Would rally to their station,
And die, or leave their country free
From foreign domination.

SONG II.

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE SHUTTING OF THE GATES OF DERRY.

AIR—"Siege of Carrickfergus."

WHEN the struggle for freedom took place in our nation,
Which long had been trampled by bigoted sway,
The brave men of Derry, for self preservation,
Made fast their strong Gates on this threat'ning day.
Though cowards might tremble and traitors dissemble,
Those heroes stood forward all gallant and true,
Foul thraldom for ever from Erin to sever,
And up went their standard of Orange and Blue.
Oh! fair Londonderry, it makes my heart merry,
To look at your Walls rising over the Foyle;
May no Whig or Tory, despising your glory,
Your sons or your daughters of honour despoil.

Then loudly their war-cry o'er Ulster resounded,
And called forth the Protestant chiefs of our land,
Who, with zeal patriotic, and courage unbounded,
On the Foyle for their freedom determined to stand
Then Mount-Alexander, that noble commander,
With Skiffington, Rawdon, and Blaney so brave,
Despising alarms, came down here in arms,
Our liberty, laws, and religion to save.
Oh! fair Londonderry, &c.

George Walker and Murray rode here in a hurry,
With Saunderson, Cairnes, and Noble, renown'd,
Stout Canning and Rawson, with Downing and Dawson,
Unmov'd on their post here in Derry were found;
With Knoxes and Rosses, Hills, Grahams, and Crosses,
And Beresford brave, from the town of Coleraine,
Dunbars, Halls, and Rices, with Blairs, Brookes, and Prices,
All fac'd the proud foe with a noble disdain.
Oh ! fair Londonderry, &c.

Bold Mitchelburn, Baker, and Macky, unbending,
Held out, through all danger, our rights to maintain,
Resolving to die for their freedom contending,
Before the vile tyrant should over them reign.
To gain us our charters, they bled like true martyrs,
Regardless of fear, though by numbers assail'd;
Because they confided in Him that divided
The waters which over proud Pharaoh prevail'd.
Oh ! fair Londonderry, &c.

From ancient Dungannon, with horsemen and cannon,
Came Chichester brave, as Sir Arthur of old,
The Moores, from old Augher, the Mervyns, from Clogher,
To Derry flock'd in with their soldiers and gold.
From rich Limavady, to puzzle poor Paddy,
Came Phillips, who fought in the year *forty-one*,

Through fair and foul weather they all stood together,
'Till James was knock'd up and his foemen were gone.
Oh! fair Londonderry, &c.

Thus heaven protected these heroes undaunted,
Who fought and who bled in religion's bright cause,
And gain'd for the nation what long had been wanted,
A free Constitution and Protestant laws.
From bondage for ever our Isle they did sever,
Oh! may we, like them, be decided and true;
May liberty flourish, and loyalty nourish
The principles sound of an honest TRUE BLUE.
Oh! fair Londonderry, it makes my heart merry
To look at your Walls rising over the Foyle;
May no Whig or Tory, despising your glory,
Your sons or your daughters of honour despoil.

SONG III.

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE LANDING OF KING WILLIAM THE THIRD, ON THE 5TH NOVEMBER, 1688.

AIR—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

BRITONS brave for evermore,
Let your thund'ring cannon roar,
On the day when to your shore
The Prince of Orange came;

From Rome's foul chains to set you free,
He came with Lords of high degree,
'Twas he restor'd your liberty,
Your honour and your fame.

Oh! why should we ungrateful be,
To William's "Glorious Memory,"
When each revolving day we see,
But proves his worth the more.
The crafty foe 's at work again,
Our sacred altars to profane,
Upon our land to bring a stain,
And drench it with our gore.

Our lawful rights the tyrant James
Assail'd, by force and subtle schemes,
While bigots fierce to kindle flames,
In Smithfield stood prepar'd
To drive religion from the land,
They rais'd again a threat'ning hand,
When William, with his gallant band,
Their trembling master scar'd.

Affrighted James, in wild despair,
A victim to corroding care,
Fled off, by night, to France, and there
Obtain'd the wish'd for aid.

With Gaul's proud troops, for Erin's isle
He sail'd, resolv'd, by force or guile,
To make us on his project smile,
And Britain's crown degrade.

But Londonderry, with a frown,
Receiv'd the King without a crown,
And put him and his army down,
Upon the Foyle's fair side.
A shot, sent from her lofty Wall,
Soon made him all his guards recall,
And back to old St. Johnston fall,
With deeply wounded pride.

Fair Enniskillen stoutly stood,
Like Holland's banks against the flood,
Until her heroes, drench'd in blood,
No living foe could find:
Strong Carrickfergus yielded then,
In mountain, moor, and shady glen,
No force withstood Duke Schomberg's men,
With Derry boys combin'd.

At length upon green Antrim's plain,
King William landed with his train,
When all resistance proving vain,
The tyrant's forces fled:

Crowds in flight we then might see,
From Lagan's banks to proud Ardee,
While Britons, undismay'd and free,
Held high their standard red.

Come now, my boys, in chorus join,
And sing the glories of the Boyne,
Where wooden shoes and brazen coin
Felt freedom's fatal blow;
While James aloof in terror stood,
King William cross'd the foaming flood,
And then, while flow'd his royal blood,
Pursued the flying foe.

Great Ginckle's troops reduced Athlone,
On Aughrim's hills his valour shone,
Where Rome's last hopes were overthrown,
And fell, to rise no more;
Then let not Pope or Pagan say,
That we shall e'er forget the day,
When William came to drive away
The tyrant from our shore.

SONG IV.

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE RELIEF OF LONDONDERRY IN 1832.

AIR—"The Glorious First of August."

BEHOLD, once more, the day appear,
To Londonderry ever dear,
And which we'll celebrate each year,
With hearts from sorrow sever'd.
On it brave Browning broke the boom,
And from the death-presaging doom,
Which o'er them hung in awful gloom,
Our ancestors deliver'd.

By this intrepid warlike race,
Who then defied a tyrant base,
Our land was sav'd from deep disgrace,
And Gallic usurpation.
And shall not we their path pursue,
To "Church and State" and Crown stand true,
And rally, though in number few,
For Erin's preservation.

Our charters, institutions bright,
And schools diffusing Gospel light,
Vain statesmen, now endow'd with might,
Have openly invaded.

The blessings dauntless William gain'd,
Are by these servile tools disdain'd,
And dark idolatry sustain'd,
And by them promptly aided.

But He who did our fathers shield,
When in the bloody battle field,
And caus'd their haughty foes to yield,
And be successful never,
Can, if we in His help confide,
As easy as the waves divide,
Frustrate their plans, confound their pride,
And safely us deliver.

For oft, when human aid seems vain,
As in King Hezekiah's reign,
He does the wrath of man restrain,
And blights his expectation.
The mighty Hamans of our day,
Though now possessing boundless sway,
He in the dust can prostrate lay,
And save our Church and nation.

*SONG V.

ON THE TYRANNY AND TIMES OF KING JAMES THE SECOND.

AIR—"Vicar of Bray."

When James, assuming right from God,
  Enslav'd this freeborn nation,
His sceptre was an iron rod,
  His reign a visitation.
High Churchmen cried—"Obey, obey—
  Let none resist a crown'd head;
He who gainsays what tyrants say,
  Is a rebellious roundhead."
    Then let us sing, while echoes ring,
      The glorious Revolution,
    And still proclaim King William's fame,
      Who sav'd the Constitution.

The Bible was no longer read,
  But tales of sinners sainted;
The gods ador'd were gods of bread,
  And sign posts carv'd and painted.
The priests and monks, with cawls and ropes,
  Arriv'd here without number—
With racks and daggers bless'd by popes,
  And loads of holy lumber.
    Then let us sing, &c.

Our trade abroad, our wealth at home,
And all things worth desiring,
Were sacrific'd to France and Rome,
While Britons lay expiring.
The monarch, a church-ridden ass,
Did whate'er priests suggested,
And trotted on by day to mass,
The slave of slaves detested.
Then let us sing, &c.

By cruel Popish politics,
Were Protestants affrighted,
When to convert poor heretics,
New Smithfield fires were lighted;
But hope soon sprung out of despair,
So Providence commanded;
Our fears were all dispers'd in air
When valiant William landed.
Then let us sing, &c.

Our church and state shook off the yoke,
And lawless power was banished;
The snares of priestcraft, too, were broke,
And superstition vanish'd;
The tyrant with his blackguards fled,
By flight their guilt confessing,

To beg off France their daily bread,
Of Rome a worthless blessing.
Then let us sing, &c.

From all who dare to tyrannize,
May heaven still defend us;
And should another James arise,
Another William send us.
May monarchs great o'er Britain reign,
The cause of truth defending,
And none like James our annals stain,
By Popery extending.
Then let us sing, &c.

SONG VI.

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

AIR—"Boyne Water."

HAIL! dawn of freedom, brightest day
In Erin's martial pages,
Thy lustre sheds a glorious ray,
And shall through future ages;
On thee the Prince of Orange brave,
From Gallic usurpation,
Which aim'd our country to enslave,
Preserv'd this Irish nation.

The despot James, with tyrant hand,
Our charters abrogated,
And Rome's religion in the land
Would soon have reinstated;
Fierce persecution rag'd around,
Whilst savage innovators,
Who made destruction dire abound,
Were Erin's legislators.

The patriotic flame that fired
With dauntless resolution
Fair Ulster's sons, whose deeds conspir'd
To crown the Revolution,
Had strove in vain to break the chain
Of tyranny asunder,
Had William not through battle hot
Directed Britain's thunder.

And many a hero fell that day
At Boyne's immortal river,
From domineering Papal sway
To set us free for ever;
To emulate their actions great,
Led by their bright example,
Let us prepare, should foemen dare,
Upon our rights to trample.

Full soon the jar of civil war
May shake the British nation,
When Whigs untrue, too late will rue
Their cringing legislation;
The Orange band, for faith and land
On heavenly aid depending,
Then firm must join, as at the Boyne,
And fight with hearts unbending.

Though gloomy clouds at present lower
Around our Constitution,
As in Tyrconnell's day of power
Before the Revolution;
The statesmen base who would efface
Our laws, by bigots aided,
May also fail now to prevail,
And skulk from place degraded.

SONG VII.

ADDRESSED TO THE PROTESTANTS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

AIR—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

FREEBORN Protestants attend,
To the counsel of a friend,
Let your spirit never bend,
Preserve your liberty.

If Papal slaves should legislate
For those they envy, dread, and hate,
We might cry, but cry too late,
Against their tyranny.

Clos'd would be, in shades of night,
The sacred page of life and light;
No more would shine the Gospel bright
On our degraded race.
Overspread our land would be
With cheerless infidelity;
Superstition we would see
Usurp religion's place.

Backward if we cast our eye,
Examples many we descry,
To prove 'twere better far to die,
Than feel the bigot's hand.
England's history can tell
How many murder'd martyrs fell,
When Bonner and his fiends of hell
Rul'd o'er the ruin'd land.

Think, oh! think, in time upon
The dreadful days of "Forty-one,"
When Rome's intrigues the mob set on,
To act their cruel part.

Behold the Bann's polluted flood,
Purpled o'er with British blood;
There the persecutor stood
With unrelenting heart.

Remember well that fearful day,
When twenty thousand in array,
In vain attempted to dismay
The Men of Derry brave.
See around her sacred Wall,
Crowds of laurel'd heroes fall,
Ready still, at honour's call,
To fill the soldier's grave.

While Foyle's fair tide shall ebb and flow,
While fire shall burn or grass will grow,
We'll remember Derry's woe,
And Derry's deathless fame.
Across the Boyne, in battle hot,
Our ancestors the tyrant fought,
There with blood our freedom bought,
And sav'd the land from shame.

Remember, too, that Spartan band,
Who made their patriotic stand,
Upon the narrow neck of land,
Wash'd by Lough Erne's wave.

In vain did Berwick take the field,
And Sarsfield brave his truncheon wield,
To make stout Enniskillen yield,
To tyrant or to slave.

With such examples in our view,
With cause so good and heart so true,
We will stand for the "True Blue,"
And still undaunted be.
Firm as those who fought of old,
The tenor of our way we'll hold,
In peace resolv'd, in warfare bold,
We'll keep our country free.

*SONG VIII.

ON THE SUCCESS OF THE ALLIED ARMIES, BY THE REV. JOHN GRAHAM.

HERE'S to her who long
Shall flourish great and free,
Britannia, famed in song,
The Empress of the Sea:
For British soil was made
For Freedom's sons alone,
And here is bright displayed
A patriotic throne.
Then here's to her who long
Shall flourish great and free,
Britannia, famed in song,
The Empress of the Sea.

When anarchy's wild reign
O'er half the world bore sway,
And life-blood flow'd amain,
From millions in dismay.
The British Empire stood,
Undaunted in the storm,
Though traitors cried aloud
For plunder and reform.
Then here's to her who long, &c.

And when a tyrant rose
To consummate their woe,
The worst of human foes
To mortals here below;
His fury flash'd and blaz'd,
Like lightning in the sky,
Till Britain proudly rais'd
Fair freedom's standard high.
Then here's to her who long, &c.

Her war blast, loud and long,
'Woke those that slumb'ring lay,
And Europe's sons now throng
To chase the fiend away;
From Russia's frozen fields
To Biscay's roaring bay,
The tyrant's power yields,
And sinks in deep decay.
Then here's to her who long, &c.

SONG IX.

AN ADDRESS TO ERIN.

AIR—"Exile of Erin."

ALAS, lovely Erin, still torn and distracted
By dark superstition and bigotry's reign,
To think of the scenes that in you have been acted,
Creates indignation and heart-rending pain.
Crimes on a scale far beyond calculation,
O'er the land spread disaster and wild devastation,
While Christians are doom'd to a prompt extirpation,
When Rome, guilty Rome, blows the trumpet for war.

In Munster assassins in league are united,
The laws to resist and confusion create,
By Priests of sedition to outrage excited,
To bring back the horrors of dark Ninety-eight;
The teacher of truth to his mansion returning,
Meets bigots, with thirst for his blood fiercely burning,
Who stone him to death, his entreaties all spurning,
While Rome, guilty Rome, blows the trumpet for war.

If o'er years gone by, retrospective we ponder,
If we look to the records on history's page,
We cannot but feel detestation, and wonder
At Rome, guilty Rome's more than heathenish rage:
Pikes with blood reeking, and fierce midnight blazes,

In fancy arise, and intense horror seizes
The mind, as it backward reluctantly gazes,
When Rome, guilty Rome, blew the trumpet for war.

To what fatal source can we trace the disasters
Of Europe, broad Europe, for centuries three?
To proud Priests of Rome aiming still to be masters,
And rule over kingdoms resolv'd to be free;
Hence plots without end through the nations extended,
The faggot prevail'd, and society rended,
Pope's Monarchs degraded, and armies contended,
When Rome, guilty Rome, blew the trumpet for war.

Oh! when shall this blood-stain'd destroyer give over
Exciting rebellion, destruction, and woe,
And all Erin's sons and fair daughters discover
That Popery still is their most cruel foe:
Then love, peace, and plenty, complacently smiling,
Would bless our green fields, man to man reconciling,
Fell discord would cease, and all party reviling,
And Rome here no more blow the trumpet of war.

*SONG X.

A PATRIOTIC PARODY ON AN IRISH MELODY, BY REV. JOHN GRAHAM.

AIR—"The Vale of Avoca."

OH! there's not in the wide world an empire or state
Like the green isles of Erin, and Britain the Great;

And the last rays of feeling, and life shall depart,
E'er the love of those Islands shall fade from my heart.

It is not that nature sheds over each scene
Her purest of crystal and fairest of green,
Nor is it the beauty of valley or hill,
Oh no, it is something more exquisite still.

'Tis that sons and fair daughters of freedom are here,
Who make ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more dear,
Who of all nations round them are still known to prove
The firmest in friendship, most constant in love.

When millions in Europe despairing of rest,
In silence bow'd down—by a tyrant opprest,
The chiefs of Great Britain—and Erin sent forth,
Their war-cry to raise the bold sons of the North.

The sons of the North, at the signal appear'd,
Whilst boldly the standard of Freedom we rear'd,
And with hosts of bold heroes, advanc'd on our foes,
To fight, bleed, and conquer, for Europe's repose.

Sweet isle of the ocean, how calm could I rest,
In some bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
When the broils that divide and distract us shall cease,
And our banners wave mingled in splendor and peace.

SONG XI.

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE DUKE OF YORK AND ALBANY.

AIR—"Roy's Wife of Aldevalloch."

OPPRESS'D with unavailing grief,
Britannia now her harp may shiver;
The gallant York—of soldiers chief—
An arrow wounds from death's dark quiver:
An omen sad of wrath divine,
For sin a nation proud besetting,
Above all others rais'd to shine,
And yet the ruler great forgetting.
Oh hapless empire! to despise
The mighty hand your glory crowning,
And bring down anger from the skies,
In just resentment awful frowning.

Though vested in supreme command,
York bore the toils of war undaunted,
And to protect our happy land,
The soldier's life he shared contented;
True fortitude inspired his breast,
Benign, compassionate, and tender,
Though oft in battle closely prest,
His word was Derry's "No Surrender."
Departed hero, thy great name
Shall long embellish martial pages,
And blazon'd on the rolls of fame,
Thy deeds shall shine in future ages.

And foremost in the ranks of truth,
He education's cause promoted,
And to instruct the orphan youth,
His care and treasure both devoted.
The soldier's friend, the widow's stay,
Support and shield in times distressing,
His deeds of worth each passing day,
Proud enemies themselves confessing.
For still consistent, firm, and brave,
Serenely wise and tender hearted,
The realm from ruin he would save,
And disaffected traitors thwarted.

His voice all loyal hearts reviv'd,
And stemm'd the tide of revolution;
Proud demagogues, while he surviv'd,
In vain assail'd the Constitution;
But like his Royal Sire, rever'd,
When statesmen thought their plans completed,
Soon to the senate he repair'd,
And their destructive bill defeated.
His word soon hush'd sedition's roar,
And Whigs and Radicals confounded,
While his applause, from shore to shore,
In strains of grateful joy resounded.

Hail! dauntless Prince, though far remov'd
From earthly scenes that pass and perish,
The land thy Royal Highness lov'd,
Thy memory will ever cherish.
May Kings again in Britain reign,
And like thy sire adorn their station,
Oh! may we see some Prince like thee,
Arise to save our sinking nation.
Farewell, oh York! renown'd and great,
Long shall thy loss keen pangs awaken;
Oh ne'er from us, by cruel fate,
Was kinder, braver hero taken.

*SONG XII.

SIRES OF WILLIAM'S GLORIOUS REIGN.

AIR—"Rule Britannia."

GENIUS of Erin's emerald isle,
In all thine ancient glory rise!
And teach thy sons at death to smile,
While their proud strain ascends the skies.
Sires of William's glorious reign,
Triumphant in your sons again.

Awake, true sons of Erin, wake,
Attend your Queen and Country's call;

Beneath your bands shall treason shake,
Beneath your arms shall treason fall!
Sires of William's glorious reign,
In their sons shall fight again.

Hark! down the Boyne's immortal flood,
Flows this sublime, triumphant sound,
Where, like yon column, firm they stood,
Till victory's self their virtue crown'd.
Sires of William's glorious reign,
Bid their sons their rights maintain.

Hark! how from Aughrim's blood-stained field—
Stain'd with the blood that warms your heart—
The shades of those who ne'er could yield,
Thus prompt the Patriot's awful part:
Sires of William's glorious reign,
Trust their sons to guard this plain.

And, hark! from Derry's sacred walls,
That spurn'd the tyrant at their feet,
A guardian voice, inspiring calls,
And Derry's sons the strain repeat,
Sires of William's glorious reign,
Guard, in us, these Walls again.

Again shall Enniskillen pour
Her heroes, for their rights to die;
Before them, as in days of yore,
Shall traitors, tyrants, Frenchmen, fly.
Sires of William's glorious reign,
Fought not for their sons in vain.

The men of Erin catch the flame,
The spirit of the isles abroad;
They pant to share their fathers' fame,
Like them, in war or death, unawed.
Sires of William's glorious reign
Ne'er can call their sons in vain.

*SONG XIII.

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE SHUTTING OF THE GATES OF DERRY.

BY THE REV. JOHN GRAHAM.

AIR—"Auld Langsyne."

FULL many a long wild Winter's night,
And sultry Summer's day,
Are past and gone since James took flight
From Derry walls away;
Cold are the hands that closed that gate
Against the wily foe;

But here, to Time's remotest date,
Their spirit still shall glow.
So here's a health to all good men,
Now fearless friends are few ;
But when we close our gates again,
We'll then be all true blue.

Lord Antrim's men came down yon glen,
With drums and trumpets gay ;
Our 'Prentice Boys just heard the noise,
And then prepared for play :
While some opposed, the gates they closed,
And joining hand in hand,
Before the wall resolved to fall,
Or for their freedom stand.
When honour calls to Derry walls,
The noble and the brave,
Oh ! he that in the battle falls
Must find a hero's grave.

Then came the hot and doubtful fray,
With many a mortal wound;
While thousands, in wild war's array,
Stood marshalled all around.
Each hill and plain was strewed with slain,
The Foyle ran red with blood ;

But all was vain the town to gain—
Here William's standard stood.
Renowned are those who face their foes,
As men and heroes should;
And let the slave steal to his grave,
Who fears to shed his blood.

The matchless deeds of those who here
Defied the Tyrant's frown,
On History's bright rolls appear,
Emblazoned in renown:
Here deathless Walker's faithful word
Sent hosts against the foe,
And gallant Murray's bloody sword
The Gallic chief laid low.
We honour those heroic dead,
Their glorious memory;
May we, who stand here in their stead,
As wise and valiant be.

Oh! sure a heart of stone would melt,
The scenes once here to see—
And witness all our fathers felt,
To make their country free.
They saw the lovely matron's cheek
With want and terror pale—

They heard their child's expiring shriek
Float on the passing gale!
Yet here they stood, in fire and blood,
As battle raged around;
Resolved to die—till victory
Their purple standard crowned.

The sacred rights these heroes gained,
In many a hard-fought day,
Shall they by us be still maintained,
Or basely cast away?
Shall rebels vile rule o'er our isle,
And call it all their own?
Oh surely no!—the faithless foe,
Must bend before the throne.
Then here's a health to all good men,
To all good men and true;
And when we close our gates again,
We'll then be all true blue.

*SONG XIV.

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE RELIEF OF LONDONDERRY.

BY THE REV. JOHN GRAHAM.

AIR—"My ain kind dearie, O."

THE gloomy hour of trial's o'er,
No longer cannons rattle, O!

The tyrant's flag is seen no more,
And James has lost the battle, O !
And here are we, renowned and free,
By maiden walls surrounded, O !
While all the knaves who'd make us slaves,
Are baffled and confounded, O !

The Dartmouth spreads her snow-white sail,
Her purple pendant flying, O !
While we the gallant Browning hail,
Who saved us all from dying, O !
Like Noah's dove, sent from above,
While foes would starve and grieve us, O !
Through floods and flame an angel came,
To comfort and relieve us, O !

Oh ! when the vessel struck the boom,
And pitched, and reeled, and stranded, O !
With shouts the foe denounced our doom,
And open gates demanded, O !
And shrill and high arose the cry,
Of anguish, grief, and pity, O !
While black with care and deep despair,
We mourned our falling city, O !

But, Heaven her guide, with one broadside,
The laden bark rebounded, O !

A favouring gale soon filled the sail,
While hills and vales resounded, O!
The joy-bells ring, Long live our King!
Adieu to grief and sadness, O!
To Heaven we raise the voice of praise,
In heartfelt joy and gladness, O!

SONG XV.

THE STRAW HUMBUG.

AIR—"An old dog's story."

HAIL, Erin, most delightful land,
For strife and superstition,
Where Lucifer to govern seems,
And to excite sedition:
Where truth and reason strive in vain
Dark ignorance to banish,
And terror holds her midnight reign,
And causes peace to vanish.
Tow row row,
Fal lal laddle daddle, bow wow wow.

Of rows and murders almost sick,
Old Satan, discontented,
Of late a most surprising trick
For change of scene invented;

Sure none but he or J. K. L.
Who does our Isle enlighten,
Would propagate so strange a spell,
The cholera to frighten.
Tow row row, &c.

But to my tale: Upon a night,
Throughout this Irish nation,
The Papists, by their hurried flight,
Soon caused an odd sensation;
For each made haste, with straw in hand,
Some *votheen* to alarm,
And stay the plague that wastes the land,
By this all potent charm.
Tow row row, &c.

Here men and women, old and young,
As if by instinct guided,
With strings of beads around them hung,
And straws in haste provided;
Road, vale, and mountain scamper'd o'er,
In breathless trepidation,
To reach the nearest neighbour's door,
And at it make their station.
Tow row row, &c.

They burned their straws with pious care,
And on their knee-bones bended,

And to the Virgin Queen their prayer
Most fervently ascended,
That she from Roman Catholics
Would have the plague arrested,
But with it scourge the heretics,
Who long the Isle infested.
Tow row row, &c.

But some of them, who miss'd the mark,
Destroy'd the incantation,
For as they hurried in the dark
To make their straw oblation,
Round doors of Protestants they knelt,
And for them supplicated,
Which caus'd the holy spell to melt,
Like snow by sunbeams heated.
Tow row row, &c.

Yet, wrapt in mystery profound,
The humbug has arrived;
Some Jesuit, for craft renown'd,
May have the plot contrived;
To try how soon he might convey
This cry of devastation—
"Rouse, Catholics, the Saxons slay,
And bravely free the nation."
Tow row row, &c.

*SONG XVI.

THE FIGHT OF CAMPERDOWN.

ENROLLED in our bright annals lives many a gallant name,
But never British heart conceived a prouder deed of fame,
To shield our liberties and laws, to guard our sov'reign's crown,
Than noble Duncan's mighty arm achiev'd off Camperdown.
To shield our liberties and laws, to guard our sov'reign's crown,
Immortal be the glorious deeds achiev'd off Camperdown.

October the eleventh it was, he spy'd the Dutch at nine,
The British signal flew, to break their close embattled line;
Their line was broke, for all our tars, on that auspicious day,
All bitter mem'ry of the past, had vow'd to wipe away.
Their line, &c.

At three o'clock, nine mighty ships had struck their
colours proud,
And two brave adm'rals at his feet their vanquish'd
flags had bow'd;
Our Duncan's towering colours stream'd distinguish'd
to the last,
For in the battle's fiercest rage he nail'd them to the
mast.
Our Duncan's, &c.

The victory was now complete, the cannons ceas'd to
roar,
The scatter'd remnants of the foe, slunk to their native
shore;
No pow'r the pride of conquest had his heart to lead
astray,
He summon'd his triumphant crew, and thus was heard
to say:
Let every man now bend the knee, and here, in so-
lemn pray'r,
Give thanks to God, who, in this fight, has made
our cause his care.

Then on the deck, the noble field of that proud day's
renown,
Brave Duncan, with his crew devout, before their God
knelt down,

And humbly bless'd his Providence, and hail'd his guardian pow'r,
Who valour, strength, and skill inspir'd, in that dread battle's hour.
And humbly bless'd, &c.

The captive Dutch, this solemn scene survey'd with silent awe,
And rued the day when Holland crouch'd to France's impious law;
And mark'd how virtue, courage, faith, unite to form this land
For victory, for fame and pow'r, just rule, and high command.
And mark'd, &c.

The Venerable was the ship that bore his flag to fame,
Our vet'ran hero well becomes his gallant vessel's name.
Behold his locks! they speak the toil of many a stormy day;
For fifty years and more, my boys, has fighting been his way.
The Venerable was the ship that bore his flag to fame,
And venerable ever be our vet'ran Duncan's name.

*SONG XVII.

THE PROTESTANT'S LAMENTATION FOR GEORGE III. ON THE 4TH JUNE, 1823.

BY THE REV. JOHN GRAHAM.

Adapted to the music of a Song in "Inkle and Yarico," beginning with the words "O say, pretty maid, have you formed any notion."

We weep for the King, now gone from us for ever,
Whose heart from our cause no vile faction could sever;
Who, from youth's early dawn to his dark night of sorrow,
Made us happy each day, with fair hope for to-morrow.

When in infancy's hour, the time sweetly beguiling,
On our fond parent's knees we sat lovingly smiling;
We well can remember how often they taught us
To prize all the blessings King William had brought us.

On the dear fourth of June, as the joy-bells were ringing,
And the national anthem our fathers were singing,
Of Brunswick's brave race we exultingly boasted,
And George, our good King, we triumphantly toasted.

The oath that he swore on the day of his crowning,
He kept till his death, while proud foemen were frowning;

No arts of the venal could ever deceive him,
Or of our affections one moment bereave him.

In a tone at once manly, and candid, and steady,
To descend from the throne he declared himself ready;
But honour and conscience, unsullied and tender,
Forbade him the Protestant rights to surrender.

These words for his reign o'er the British dominions,
Had their happy result upon all men's opinions;
No hope raised and crushed, caused dissension or malice,
And life was secure from the cot to the palace.

As danger drew nigh, he a Council provided,
Of principle pure, and of heart undivided;
While Erin's brave Orangemen, wisely united—
The hope of the bigoted rebel soon blighted.

But alas! the scene's changed, and the loyal are mourning,
As the days of rebellion are quickly returning;
The powers that they bled for, distrust and annoy them,
While those they subdued rise again to destroy them.

Convicted in vain is the plunderer, hardened,
He rages, he threatens, and then he is pardoned;

And those who had ventured to seize or detect him,
With his band of assassins may nightly expect him.

But whate'er be our fate, should we prosper or perish,
The cause of the Altar of Truth we will cherish;
No traitors our hearts from allegiance can sever—
The throne of a Brunswick we'll honour for ever.

*SONG XVIII.

CROPPIES LIE DOWN.

To its own Tune.

We soldiers of Erin, so proud of the name,
Will raise upon rebels and Frenchmen our fame;
We'll fight to the last in the honest old cause,
And guard our religion, our freedom, and laws;
We'll fight for our country, our Queen, and her crown,
And make all the traitors and croppies lie down,
Down, down, croppies, lie down.

The rebels so bold, when they've none to oppose—
To houses and hay-stacks are terrible foes;
They murder poor parsons, and also their wives,
But soldiers at once make them run for their lives;

Wherever we march, through the country or town
In ditches or cellars the croppies lie down.
Down, down, &c.

United in blood, to their country's disgrace,
They secretly shoot whom they dare not to face ;
But when we can catch the sly rogues in the field,
A handful of soldiers makes hundreds to yield:
And the cowards collect but to raise our renown,
For as soon as we fire the croppies lie down.
Down, down, &c.

While they, in the war that unmanly they wage,
Both matron and maiden attack in their rage,
We'll fly to protect the dear creatures from harms,
And shelter them safely when clasp'd in our arms:
On love in a soldier no maiden will frown,
But bless the dear boys that made croppies lie down
Down, down, &c.

Should France e'er attempt, or by fraud or by guile
Her forces to land on our emerald isle,
We'll shew that free soldiers they ne'er can make slaves,
And only possess our green fields for their graves ;
Our country's applauses our triumph will crown,
While low, with the French, brother croppies lie down.
Down, down, &c.

When wars and when dangers again shall be o'er,
And peace with her blessings revisits our shore,
When arms we part with, no longer to roam,
With pride will our families welcome us home,
And drink, as in bumpers past trouble we drown,
A health to the lads that made croppies lie down.
Down, down, &c.

SONG XIX.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. ELIZABETH GRAHAM, OF MAGILLIGAN, ON HEARING HER PLAY ON THE PIANO, SURROUNDED BY HER FAMILY.

AIR—"Black-eyed Susan."

WELL may the bard this life enjoy
Who is with such a partner blest;
Should cares a while his mind annoy,
At home they soon are hush'd to rest.
Such charming sounds your music can impart,
As animate and cheer the troubled heart.

Should grief or public wrongs bear sway,
And o'er his soul dominion hold,
These melting tones make all give way,
Till every feeling is controll'd.
The wiry strings you strike with magic skill,
And all our hearts with rich enjoyment thrill.

Your notes for Derry's tale of woe,
  Heroic strains of "Auld lang syne,"
In melody enchanting flow,
  And add fresh fervour to each line.
Sweet is the chorus when all round you join
To sing the deathless glories of the Boyne.

Sprung from a house in Erin's Isle,
  For worth in ancient times long known,
Around you now in beauty smile,
  A race well worthy of your own.
Cornelia's blessings fourfold have been thine,
May they like pearls of precious value shine.

Let others boast their titles high,
  Too oft by servile means attain'd,
'Tis yours to dry the weeper's eye,
  And soothe the soul by anguish pain'd.
Beyond the reach of want or envy plac'd,
And with a blithe domestic circle grac'd.

May blooming health, contentment sweet,
  And length of honour'd days be thine,
Like Mary at her Master's feet,
  Reposing safe in life's decline.
And may both you and yours, when time's no more,
With joyful voice the Saviour's name adore.

*SONG XX.

THE BOLD BRITISH TARS.

AIR—"Roast Beef of Old England."

LONG time of the seas had Old England been queen
'Till republican France thought to alter the scene,
So they work'd day and night to make up a marine,
To fight with the tars of Old England,
To fight with the bold British tars.

The day they met Howe on the seas they may rue,
For to shew them the diff'rence he very well knew,
'Twixt their colour'd cockades and the British true blue.
Huzza! for the tars of Old England!
Huzza! for the bold British tars!

They were drove from the seas on the land high and dry,
'Till they ventur'd their luck in a fog once to try,
But a storm drove them back, pleas'd in harbour to lie,
Secure from the tars of Old England,
Secure from the bold British tars.

Yet unwilling with Britain's domain to agree,
They made up some rods of a liberty tree,
And with them lash'd other folks out of the sea,
To meet the brave tars of Old England,
To fight with the bold British tars.

Spanish Dons in big ships of great force then were seen,
But Jervis and Nelson to fight them were keen;
Lo! they fought, and they beat twenty-seven with fifteen,
When mann'd with the tars of Old England,
When mann'd with the bold British tars.

Then the French cramm'd their principles down the Dutch throats,
And Mynheers were compell'd soon to alter their notes,
And promptly prepare all their ships and their boats,
To fight the brave tars of Old England,
To fight with the brave British tars.

To recover the Cape soon a squadron was found,
So they slipp'd us, and there they got safely and sound,
But Elphinstone shew'd that he could them confound
With the manly brave tars of Old England,
The manly and bold British tars.

Then says Monsieur, Mynheer, as your trade is quite lost,
Rig a fleet to join ours to invade Britain's coast;
But this reckoning they made without minding their host,
Forgetting the tars of old England,
Forgetting the bold British tars.

To block up Brest harbour lord Bridport set sail,
And the mouth of the Texel our fleet did not fail
To shut up, and keep the Dutch rogues in their jail,
Hemm'd in by the tars of old England,
Hemm'd in by the bold British tars.

Our fleet to refit it had just sail'd away,
When, the cat being gone, the mice came out to play,
But that play became direfully earnest that day,
Laid on by the tars of Old England,
Laid on by the bold British tars.

For the news of their sailing had scarce reach'd our ears,
When our anchors flew up to the tune of three cheers,
And away for the Texel to fight the Mynheers,
Away went the tars of Old England,
Away went the bold British tars.

With their lubberly hulks to sheer off was in vain,
Nor (as we got between them) their ports could they gain,
So they made their resolve a hard fight to maintain,
Against the brave tars of old England,
Against the brave British tars.

It was twelve when the signal for action was given,
Then our guns ope'd their throats like the thunder from heaven,

And by three the Dutch fleet off the water was driven,
Destroy'd by the tars of Old England,
Destroy'd by the bold British tars.

Their hulks were a riddle, their canvass a rag,
Ten struck with their vice and their admiral's flag,
So on it they stor'd up no great matters to brag,
Of success against tars of Old England,
Of success against bold British tars.

Each landsman may now rest secure in his bed,
For invasion no longer hangs over his head;
Who the French fleet, the Spanish, or Dutch now would dread,
When guarded by tars of Old England,
When guarded by bold British tars.

But by night or by fog should they give us the slip,
You are loyal stout soldiers, their wings who can clip,
Only fight but on shore as we fight aboard ship,
And copy the tars of Old England,
And copy the bold British tars.

Duncan's health, boys, fill up—may he fresh glory bring,
Fill the glass to Old England—a health to the King,

And may democrat Frenchmen, and Dutchmen all swing!

Huzza! for the tars of Old England,
Huzza! for the bold British tars!

*SONG XXI.

ORANGE AND BLUE. A SONG FOR THE SOLDIERS.

BY THE REV. JOHN GRAHAM.

AIR—"Why should we quarrel for riches."

WHILE over life's busy stage going,
Where troubles we meet not a few,
My heart with kind feelings o'erflowing,
Still clings to the Orange and Blue—
I like them in peer or in peasant,
In high or in lowly degree,
An Orangeman's company's pleasant,
And ever was cheering to me.
To throne and to altar devoted,
Though danger or safety accrue,
Ungratefully used or promoted,
He still is to principle true.

I like to see yeomanry gracing
Our fields in a splendid review,
To tunes in accordance all pacing,
That mark them as Orange and Blue;

The sailor I love to see plighted
To fight for Victoria alone,
But more and much more I'm delighted,
To find the brave soldier our own.
To throne and to altar devoted, &c.

When James, who our liberty slighted,
Essayed to make Protestants yield,
One Lillibullero affrighted
The Priest-ridden Prince from the field ;
A shout rais'd from Hyde-park like thunder,
From bold British soldiers it came,
Soon knocked the Pope's plans all asunder,
And pack'd off his minions in shame.
To throne and to altar devoted, &c.

To idols, these heroes intrepid
Could never one moment foresee,
That soldiers in faithfulness tepid,
Would ever fall down on their knee.
In Malta, a wafer well salted
And pepper'd, might musty become,
Before, when for worship exalted,
A Briton would beat up his drum.
To throne and to altar devoted, &c.

With sons of such fathers in battle,
No doubts could embarrass our mind,

The cannons of rebels might rattle,
But fear we would give to the wind;
No half-held allegiance suspending
Their hearts between potentates two,
Their hands would be strong in defending
The cause of the Orange and Blue.
To throne and to altar devoted, &c.

*SONG XXII.

AN APPEAL TO ERIN.

AIR—"Crazy Jane."

EMERALD Island, verdant Erin,
Lo! along thy troubled shore,
Treason high its standard rearing,
Pants to dye the fields in gore.
Once endow'd with every blessing,
Free, united, loyal, brave;
Now thy treach'rous sons are pressing
Thee, their parent, to enslave.

Freedom's sacred name assuming,
Basely they pervert its end;
To their dreadful plans presuming
Erin's gen'rous soul to bend.
But beneath the cloak of feeling,
Love and truth, and peace profess'd;

Treason thus its head concealing,
Points a dagger at thy breast.

Those for freedom truly fighting,
Ne'er would sell their native plains;
Nor the aid of France inviting,
Seek a foreign tyrant's chains.
Erin, ancient seat of learning,
Whilst o'er Europe darkness spread,
Canst not thou, its wiles discerning,
Crush the specious serpent's head.

Nurse of heroes, fam'd in story,
Oft confounding France and Spain;
May those miscreants cause thy glory,
As of old, to shine again.
See the sister-island standing,
Mark her calm majestic form;
All her ancient soul commanding,
Smiling at the threaten'd storm.

Round her isles e'en now in motion,
See her circling navy draws;
Peerless empress of the ocean,
Neptune's self supports her cause.

Then, in conscious strength elated,
Join with her to save the world;
Soon shall foes, to ruin fated,
At your conq'ring feet be hurl'd.

SONG XXIII.

INSCRIBED TO GREAT BRITAIN, BEFORE THE SURRENDER OF HER GLORIOUS CONSTITUTION WAS EFFECTED.

AIR—"The girl I left behind me."

GREAT Britain, empress of the sea,
By wooden walls surrounded,
Which oft have made thy foes give way,
And all their hopes confounded;
High on the throne of fame, full blown,
With many trophies crowned,
You sit supreme, the sovereign dame
Of nations long renowned.

Beneath thy sceptre plenty smiles,
And commerce spreads her pinions,
Ships trade to the remotest isles,
Throughout thy vast dominions;
Here knowledge grows and money flows,
The heart of man delighting;
Religion bright diffuses light,
The soul to bliss inviting.

Yet, long thou wert the blinded slave
Of Papal usurpation,
Thy genius buried in the grave
Of Priestly domination;
Thy muse now slept, or silent wept,
While learning, persecuted,
Affrighted fled, and in its stead,
Darkness the land polluted.

But when the Reformation's sun,
On Europe long benighted,
With renovating lustre shone,
And clouded reason lighted—
Before its rays dark error's maze
Fast from thy shores receded,
And Christians broke the galling yoke
Which thy renown impeded.

The Pope, enrag'd, then strove in vain,
By excommunication,
His lost ascendancy to gain,
And overawe the nation;
But martyrs true, with death in view,
The Gospel cause defended,
And by their zeal made truth prevail,
And Rome's dominion ended.

In vain proud France and haughty Spain,
Against thy peace united,
Their fleets were shatter'd on the main,
And all their prospects blighted.
No foreign host could touch thy coast,
By Providence protected,
And nations proud soon to thee bow'd,
And thy decrees respected.

What country can such heroes name,
By sea and land victorious;
Where'er they go they rise in fame,
By deeds of valour glorious.
When danger calls, thy wooden walls
Appear in warlike motion;
Kingdom and Isle thee justly style,
Great "Empress of the ocean."

*SONG XXIV.

BATTLE OF THE NILE.

Arise, arise, Britannia's sons arise,
And join in the shouts of the patriotic throng,
Arise, arise, Britannia's sons arise,
And let the heavens echo with your song;
The genius of Albion, victory proclaiming,
Flies through the world its rights and deeds maintaining,

While the battle of the Nile will be foremost on the file;
And Nelson, gallant Nelson's name recorded will be,
Then huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, boys,
Mars guards for us, what freedom did by charter gain,
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, boys,
Britannia still, Britannia rules the main.

The proud sons of France, with insulting haughty scorn,
Long time had oppressed our neighbouring independencies,
And vainly did hope their conquest would be borne
In harmony triumphant o'er the seas;
But Nelson soon taught them, in peals of British thunder,
To the flag of royal George 'twas their duty to surrender;
While the battle of the Nile shall be foremost on the file,
And Nelson, gallant Nelson's name recorded will be,
Then huzza, huzza, &c.

When in councils above, rose the deities of war,
Determined to give unto valour due renown.

And soon, on the brow of each British tar,
Was planted a splendid laurel crown ;
And the loud trump of Fame through heaven and earth was sounding,
Howe, Jervis, Duncan, and Nelson's name resounding,
While the battle of the Nile will be foremost on the file,
And Nelson, gallant Nelson's name recorded will be,
Then huzza, huzza, &c.

Arouse, arouse, Britannia's sons arouse,
And meet your protectors with open arms returning,
And view the rich spoils by blood they have bought,
For the glory of this happy, happy isle.
And every British seaman hereafter shall be penn'd
As a terror to his foe, and an honour to his friend ;
While the battle of the Nile shall be foremost on the file,
And Nelson, gallant Nelson's name recorded shall be,
Then huzza, huzza, &c.

SONG XXV.

ON THE CELEBRATION OF THE TWELFTH OF JULY AT LISBURN, IN THE YEAR 1823.

AIR—"True Blues of Hall's mill."

BLITHE joy bells announced the glad morning
Which Lisburn still hails with delight,
When William, all idle fears scorning,
Rush'd valiantly forth to the fight;
And soon in a splendid procession,
Did hundreds in harmony join,
Lodge following Lodge in succession,
As regiments march'd to the Boyne.

The first we saw gaily advancing,
Were Ballymacashmen so bold,
Some mounted on steeds, proudly prancing—
Brave Johnson wore medals of gold;
And then came the gallant old Innes,
A serjeant undaunted and true,
A match for O'Rourke or Magennis,
Should Popesmen their warfare renew.

The town with sweet music resounded,
Which heighten'd the joy of the day,
Full fifty-three Lodges went round it,
All marshall'd in Orange array;

To Church we proceeded, delighted,
Devotional homage to pay
To him who the foemen affrighted,
And freed us by Nassau this day.

The sun seem'd to brighten in splendour—
Our flags waving wide in the wind,
Inscrib'd with the words "No Surrender,"
With orange and purple entwined;
An arch near the Church was erected,
And through it we march'd in a line;
None pass'd there who e'er were suspected,
For each gave the true Purple sign.

The sermon was short but impressive,
Instructive in every part,
Propounding religion progressive,
The homage that comes from the heart:
It taught us morality—royal
Allegiance to Sion's great King;
We join'd then in harmony loyal,
Our hymns of thanksgiving to sing.

Intrigues of the Jesuits cunning,
That rule in our Vice-regal court,
Their course of deception still running,
New laws may propound and support:

A Cabinet faithless and venal,
The servers of Mammon and Time,
May make our processions all penal,
And meeting in Churches a crime.

Another Tyrconnell may urge us
A second allegiance to try ;
A third of the Jameses may scourge us,
But still we shall triumph or die—
Our Bible the Doyle's men may banish,
And truth for a time disappear ;
Our teachers in terror may vanish,
But Popery's downfal draws near.

*SONG XXVI.

THE KING OF THE EMERALD ISLAND.

(FROM THE WILTS AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE STANDARD.)

AIR—"The King of the Cannibal Islands."

PRIEST—SOLUS.

COME, all ye geese of Peter's flock,
Who worship idol, stone, and stock,
Your purses you must now unlock
For the King of the Emerald Island.
Because his mother had a drame—
St. Patrick's wife, St. Shula, came,

And said—"Hold up, my jolly dame,
You shall produce a man of fame,
Like a scorpion arm'd in mail,
Or a glow worm of the vale,
His sting and his lustre will be in the tail
Of the King of the Emerald Island."

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

Lying, swaggering, bullying Dan,
You're the lad to lay a plan
To "pin the pence" of the ragged man,
Oh King of the Emerald Island.

PRIEST.

He'll bring mighty things to pass,
Break Church and Queen like bottle glass,
And turn all Protestants to Mass,
This King of the Emerald Island.
Ave Marias by the score
These heretics will shortly roar,
And thump their craws till they are sore,
And holy water on them pour;
And prostrate on their knees they'll fall,
And worship saints in the chapel hall,
And thus be made good Christians all,
By the King of the Emerald Island.
Lying, swaggering, &c.

Full two thousand priests and more
" Tribute" from their altars roar,
The begging-box is at the door
For the King of the Emerald Island.
Come, down with your dust, or we'll curse you well
By book, by candle, and by bell,
And send you packing off pell-mell,
For a place one would not like to tell.
Och ! you shall never die in peace,
For we'll withhold the holy grace,
Unless the rhino down you place,
For the King of the Emerald Island.
Lying, swaggering, &c.

Scores of boys, true lads of wax,
With oaken cudgels and sturdy backs,
Stand to gather in your tax.
Oh ! King of the Emerald Island,
Pounds a-piece for suits of clothes,
Half-a-crown from men with shoes,
Shillings from all naked toes,
Sixpences from *breechless beaux.*
Beggarman put down your bag,
Come, until your rotten rag
Can produce a copper mag,
For the King of the Emerald Island.
Lying, swaggering, &c.

BEGGARMAN—SOLUS.

Oh! Father Pat, do you not see
I'm up to my neck in poverty;
He never did any good for me,
This King of the Emerald Island.
With cold and hunger I'm almost dead,
My cash, barrin this old rap, is fled—
My children are crying out for bread,
And I've not a praty to put in their head.

PRIEST.

Come, down with your dust, and none of your groans,
Or I'll mark your door with "Death's head and cross bones,"
And rattle your ribs with sticks and stones,
For the King of the Emerald Island.
Lying, swaggering, &c.

Thus fifteen thousand pounds a-year,
This sturdy mendicant doth clear,
With many a curse and many a tear,
For the King of the Emerald Island.
And thus he fills his money bags
From destitution and from rags,
And thus their lonely copper mags
From fellow-beggarmen he drags.

Then let each pious candidate,
Who hopes in Heaven to have a seat,
Put down his money on the plate,
For the King of the Emerald Island.
Lying, swaggering, &c.

*SONG XXVII.

THE MAIDEN CITY.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

AIR—"Le Petit Tambour."

WHERE Foyle his swelling waters
Rolls northward to the main,
Here, Queen of Erin's daughters,
Fair Derry fixed her reign:
A holy temple crowned her,
And commerce graced her street,
A rampart wall was round her,
The river at her feet;
And here she sate alone, boys,
And, looking from the hill,
Vow'd the Maiden on her throne, boys,
Would be a Maiden still.

From Antrim crossing over,
In famous eighty-eight,
A plumed and belted lover
Came to the Ferry Gate:

She summon'd to defend her
  Our sires—a beardless race—
They shouted No Surrender!
  And slamm'd it in his face.
Then in a quiet tone, boys,
  They told him 'twas their will
That the Maiden on her throne, boys,
  Should be a Maiden still.

Next, crushing all before him,
  A kingly wooer came,
(The royal banner o'er him,
  Blushed crimson deep for shame;)
He show'd the Pope's commission,
  Nor dream'd to be refused,
She pitied his condition,
  But begg'd to stand excused.
In short, the fact is known, boys,
  She chased him from the hill,
For the maiden on the throne, boys,
  Would be a Maiden still.

On our brave sires descending,
  'Twas then the tempest broke,
Their peaceful dwellings rending,
  'Mid blood, and flame, and smoke.
That hallow'd grave-yard yonder,
  Swells with the slaughter'd dead,

Oh, brothers, pause and ponder,
It was for *us* they bled;
And while their gift we own, boys—
The fane that tops our hill,
Oh, the Maiden on her throne, boys,
Shall be a Maiden still.

Nor wily tongue shall move us,
Nor tyrant arm affright,
We'll look to One above us,
Who ne'er forsook the right;
Who will, may crouch and tender
The birthright of the free,
But, brothers, No Surrender,
No compromise for me!
We want no barrier stone, boys,
No gates to guard the hill,
Yet the Maiden on her throne, boys,
Shall be a Maiden still.

*SONG XXVIII.

ORANJE BOOVEN.

Air—"Erin go bragh."

On Amsterdam's towers the Orange flag's waving,
The old badge of freedom gay floats on the breeze,
And far, loud and cheering, the war-pipe is raving,
While the shouts are returned by the Lords of the seas.

The tide of high glory is broadly extended,
And nobly around ev'ry pass is defended ;
Then shout, while the stormy war-music is blended,
On, on to the battle—Oranje Booven.

Oh ! Beauty is sweet as the mild beam of even,
While it plays on the Texel in midnight's wild hour ;
Her smile has a charm, like the witch'ry of Heaven,
And the tear of her love is the kingdom of power.
Then ye maidens of Holland, sweet pleasure's before ye,
Oh ! whisper your lovers' gay freedom's bold story,
In smiles of delight point the way to high glory,
And blend with your love-sighs—Oranje Booven.

The proud tricolour, that o'er half the world,
Stream'd forth like a meteor, will soon be unknown ;
From its high airy station it soon will be hurled,
And the white flag be waving from Brest to Bayonne.
The storm of the North in its wild fury sweeping ;
Will yet soothe the mourner at tyranny weeping ;
And in visions of midnight, the lone baby sleeping,
Shall lisp out the signal—Oranje Booven.

SONG XXIX.

ON THE RIBBONMEN'S DEFEAT AT CASTLEWELLAN, JULY 12, 1830.

AIR—"The Old Orange Tree."

It was in the year of thirty,
On July the first, old style,
The Castlewellan Orangemen,
And Clarkhill, rank and file,
To Clough, with flags and music sweet,
Marched off in grand array,
Where fifteen banners were display'd
In honour of the day.
So let cringing politicians vile,
And Whig and Papist join,
Still annually we'll celebrate
The conquest of the Boyne.

Part of the day in harmony
And social joy we spent;
At length to Castlewellan men
Th' important news was sent,
That numbers of the Ribbonmen
Had crowded into town,
And threaten'd, should we enter it,
To pull our colours down.
So let cringing politicians, &c.

Six Lodges then undauntedly
Cried out, my boys don't fear,

We shall escort you to the town,
And should the foe appear,
Together we'll like brothers stand,
Until we make them fly,
And teach them to be quiet
On the Twelfth day of July.
So let cringing politicians, &c.

Rang'd in a solid phalanx,
And each Master in his place,
We steadily approach'd the town,
Prepar'd for war or peace;
But when we reached the Market-house
The Papists gave a yell,
And suddenly with pistol shots
And stones upon us fell.
So let cringing politicians, &c.

Then fearlessly we wheel'd about
And gave to them a cheer,
And with it a few Orange balls
That check'd their wild career;
Some, bleeding, tumbled to the ground,
While others, in dismay,
Display'd their wonted bravery—
By running fast away.
So let cringing politicians, &c.

Through gateway, lane, and entry,
And over hedge and wall,
We chas'd the dastard fugitives,
Compelling them to fall ;
We gave them such a drubbing,
Though they thought the town their own,
As may in future teach them to
Let Orangemen alone.
So let cringing politicians, &c.

To Wardlaw, Ross, and Bradford bold,
Our gratitude is due,
Like valiant men, in days of old,
They did the foe subdue ;
Thus may we still triumphant be,
And keep rebellion down,
Maintain our just ascendancy,
And guard the British Crown.
So let cringing politicians, &c.

*SONG XXX.

RULE BRITANNIA.

When Britain first at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,

This was the charter of the land,
And Guardian Angels sung the strain:
Rule, Britannia—Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that rends the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Shall but arouse thy gen'rous flame;
But work their woe and thy renown.
Rule, &c.

To thee belong the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And ev'ry shore it circles, thine.
Rule, &c.

The muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coasts repair:
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, &c.

*SONG XXXI.

TO CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH, WITH AN IRISH HARP.

BY MR. WILLIAM M'COMB, BELFAST.

AIR—"Exile of Erin."

DEAR Harp of my country! no longer thy numbers
Shall swell in the wild and tumultuous throng:
We send thee to one who will waken thy slumbers
With the loftier notes of a holier song.
Anthems of peace shall flow from thy wires;
Songs of our Zion shall breathe her desires;
Whilst thus she shall hallow the themes of our sires—
"Erin ma vourneen—Erin go bragh!"

Vain breathes the lute in its sweet undulations,
And vain sounds the clarion, shrill, warlike, and clear:
Be thine, island Harp! with thy trembling vibrations
To whisper thy strains to the long-deafen'd ear.
Chords of her heart in sympathy blending—
Tales of thy country, mournfully rending—
Shall call back remembrance to days of contending,
Glorious to Derry and Erin go bragh.

Haste thee, dear island Harp ! over the waters ;
Bear with thee melodies plaintive and wild ;
Breathe thy own *Coolin,* song dear to thy daughters—
The lone mother's sweet cradle-song to her child.
Sing of thy green fields, thy cairns, and thy towers—
Bards who were wont to enliven thy bowers,
When this chorus arose in their rapturous hours—
" Erin ma vourneen—Erin go bragh !"

Bring flow'rs from the wild-wood—the loveliest, the rarest—
Sweet blossoms from heather-clad mountain and glen—
For her who hath woven a chaplet, the fairest
That ever was pictured by pencil or pen.
Then flowr's round the Harp shall be gracefully twining,
And Poesy's numbers, their magic combining,
Our loves, our affections, and feelings refining ;
" Erin ma vourneen—Erin go bragh !"

Oh ! come, lady fair, to our isle of the ocean ;
Awaken the Harp in our time-hallowed halls ;
Thousands will hail thee with heartfelt emotion,
From Boyne's flowing waters to fam'd Derry Walls :

Wreaths of our shamrock for thee we are weaving;
Warm hearts and loving for thee are now heaving;
Come to our island green—trusting—believing;
Cead mille failte—Erin go bragh!

*SONG XXXII.

AN OLD SONG, WITH TWO NEW VERSES.

BY THE REV. JOHN GRAHAM.

AIR—"Colin is awa'."

"FEAR not, my Peggy, stormy winds,
Nor dread th' exulting foe,
'Tis honour calls, my King commands,
And Colin now must go:
He goes, but soon shall come again,
Enriched by spoils and fame;
Nay, dry these tears, my bonnie lass,
To weep it were a shame.
The anchor's weighed, the ship's unmoored,
Our conquering flag's unfurled,
And England's glory still shall be,
The wonder of the world.

"Where'er from coast to coast we sail,
Our praises fly before,

And British valour is renowned
From Ind' to Afric's shore.
We shun no toil, no danger dread,
No vain alarms we feel,
Nor prize our lives, but as they may
Promote our country's weal.
The anchor's weighed, &c.

" Our gracious Prince! with one accord
We'll all join hand in hand,
To guard his throne, whose gentle sway
Protects this happy land;
With filial love and duty joined,
His person we'll defend,
For every Briton finds in him
A Father and a Friend.
The anchor's weighed, &c.

We've rescued Spain, invaded France,
At Leipsic raised a flame,
Where babes unborn, as years advance,
Shall bless the British name.
Then here's to Stewart, in court or camp,
Or wheresoe'er he roam;
For those that fight for us abroad,
Should be revered at home.
The anchor's weighed, &c.

From Holland, 'tis remembered yet,
Our great King William came;
To Holland, now, to pay the debt,
We go with conquering Græme;
Barossa's field his deeds reports,
Sebastian owns his fame,
And Frenchmen, buried in Belgian forts,
Shall find him still the same.
The anchor's weighed, &c.

"Then fear not, Peggy, from the mast
The signals wave in air,
The boastwain pipes, 'All hands on deck,
And Colin is not there;
My bonny lass, I love thee well,
But love my honour more;"
In haste he kissed her blushing cheek,
The boat forsook the shore.
The anchor's weighed, &c.

And Peggy wiped the pearly drops
From eyes as black as sloes;
"May Heaven protect my Colin's life!"
She cried, "where'er he goes;
For Heaven can turn the balls aside,
When danger hovers near,

And, trusting in its guardian care,
I'll banish every fear.
Yet gladly shall I see again,
Our conquering flag unfurled,
And hail our heroes bold returned,
The wonder of the world."

SONG XXXIII.

A CALL TO ERIN, IN THE STYLE OF AN IRISH MELODY.

AIR—"Oh Erin, my country."

OH, Erin, awake from thy dreams of delusion,
And shake off the chains that thy freedom enthral;
Too long agitation has wrought thy confusion,
And rous'd thee to strife at the demagogue's call:
Too long have Rome's Priests and her lay agitators,
Been forging strong fetters thy sons to enslave,
And making base rebels and turbulent traitors
Of free-born Irishmen, generous and brave.

Once thou wert rich and a prosperous nation,
For virtue and friendship deservedly fam'd,
Exempt from the terrors of mob legislation,
And flourishing commerce thy greatness proclaim'd.
The murderer now to the law bids defiance,
The midnight marauder spreads anarchy wild,
Man in his door neighbour can place no reliance,
And order and peace from thy shores are exil'd.

Thus madden'd by Jesuits' poisonous chalice,
The Popesmen no longer contented remain ;
But bigotry, fierce persecution, and malice
Inflame their dark bosoms, and over them reign.
The Protestant, rous'd by aggression, half frantic,
At viewing the lawless his country despoil,
Departs in despair o'er the gloomy Atlantic,
Forsaking for ever his dear native soil.

The Scripture that tells of eternal salvation,
And man, erring man, in religion renews,
The prelates of Rome, to their flocks' ruination,
Withhold or pervert them to suit their own views.
Hence vain superstition and groundless tradition,
With penance and masses, unmeaning and vile,
For faith unpolluted are here substituted,
And crimes most inhuman thy annals defile.

By nature endowed with the richest resources,
Our soil to improve and our trade to extend,
Here rivers and lakes, in their long winding courses,
East, west, north, and south to the ocean descend.
The land's fair and fertile—the climate is healthy—
No poisonous reptiles or monsters are found,
And soon might our Isle become great, if not wealthy,
Should discord and bigotry cease to abound.

*SONG XXXIV.

AIR—"Hearts of Oak."

COME cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
For true Orange hearts are still strangers to fear;
Our bosoms with honour and loyalty glow,
And fearless we'll march to encounter the foe.
Oh, still may our flag be with lustre unfurl'd,
Let's always be ready; steady, boys, steady;
And true to ourselves we'll defy all the world.

The Queen, and the State, and the laws of this land,
The good constitution our forefathers plann'd;
To maintain them we all with one voice should agree,
For while they protect us old Erin is free.
Oh, still, &c.

The hand of oppression we never need fear,
Our laws are the same for the peasant and peer;
Our house is our castle, our fire-side our throne,
And each man in Erin is sure of his own.
Oh, still, &c.

Republican frenzy her standard may rear,
And disloyalty seek to pollute the free air;
But swords we'll ne'er sheath till our emerald isle
From treason redeemed, shall triumphantly smile.
Oh, still, &c.

Then drink to the Queen, the state, and the laws,
With one voice, with one heart, we'll support this good cause;
May the wretch who'd refuse such a toast never prove
The comforts of friendship, or raptures of love.
Oh, still may this flag be with lustre unfurl'd,
And always be ready—steady, boys, steady,
And true to ourselves, we defy all the world.

*SONG XXXV.

THE SUBMISSION OF AN ORANGEMAN.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

AIR—"Boyne Water."

WE'VE furl'd the banner that wav'd so long
Its sunny folds around us;
We've still'd the voice of our ancient song,
And burst the tie that bound us.
No, no, that tie, that sacred tie,
Cannot be loos'd or broken;
And thought will flash from eye to eye,
Though ne'er a word be spoken.

Go, raze old Derry's tell-tale Wall—
Bid Enniskillen perish:
Choke up the Boyne—abolish all
That we too fondly cherish;

'Twill be but as the pruning knife
Us'd by a skilful master,
To concentrate the sap of life,
And fix the strong root faster.

We love the throne—oh! deep you planned
The hateful will to prove us!
But firm in loyal truth we stand—
The Queen shall know and love us.
When William came to free the isle
From galling chains that bound her,
Our fathers built, beneath his smile,
This living rampart round her.

Ye've ta'en the outer crust away,
But, secret strength supplying,
A spirit, shrined within the clay,
Lives quenchless and undying—
A sparkle from the hallow'd flame
Of our insulted altars,
Pure as the source whence first it came,
Our love nor fades nor falters.

Our love to thee, dear injured land,
By mocking foes derided;
Our duteous love to the royal hand,
By traitorous craft misguided.

Banner, and badge, and name alone,
At our Monarch's call we tender;
The loyal truth that guards her throne
We'll keep—and No Surrender!

SONG XXXVI.

Written on reading GRAHAM's Annals of Irish Popery, his History of the Siege of Londonderry and Defence of Enniskillen, and his volume of Historical Poetry, published between the years 1814 and 1832.

AIR—"Auld lang syne."

OH! could I, Homer like, indite
Sublime heroic lays,
My faculties should all unite
In singing Graham's praise;
Who, undismay'd by threat'ning foes,
Has faithfully reveal'd
The worth, the woes, and deeds of those
Which time from us conceal'd.
His pages true bring to our view
The actions of the brave,
Who fought of old, like lions bold,
Our liberty to save.

His spirit-stirring lays revive
Old Londonderry's fame,
And keep a martial flame alive,
As they her heroes name:

Touch'd by his pen, the valiant men
Who kept her free arise
In fancy bright, and in the fight
The cry of famine dies.
These strains of truth the rising youth,
And parents grave, resound,
And thus are taught, who fearless fought,
When war rag'd all around.

'Gainst faithless foe who long lay low,
But rises now again,
His faithful page might all engage
Their country to maintain;
Who then that fears succeeding years
The nation may enslave,
The man should slight who thus would write,
To save the wise and brave?
But Graham finds that narrow minds
Distorted all things view,
And envy vile could never smile
On those whose hearts are true.

Not those alone who England's throne
And Britain's Church would smite,
But hollow friends, for selfish ends,
His laurel fair would blight;

One says his zeal for public weal
Breaks out with flame too bright,
It scorches those who fear their foes,
And would not boldly fight.
That enmity should secret be
Half measures still are wise;
To win the field 'tis wise to yield,
And he is safe who flies.

Weak Statesmen may to Rome give way,
Expediency their guide,
Lest civil war should Erin mar,
And spread through Britain wide.
Each passing year some boon, through fear,
Give up to bigots base,
Who Church and Crown would trample down,
And cover with disgrace.
Not so our sires, whose glory fires
The breast of Graham brave,
Behav'd of old, but Rome controll'd
And fought our rights to save.

Time yet will tell the tale full well,
Whose mind is weak or wise;
He who would stand for life and land,
Or he whom foes despise—

The man who ne'er would shrink, through fear,
From guarding faith and laws;
Or he who may, by giving way,
Seek popular applause,
Another age than this more sage,
Will honour's tribute pay
To him when gone, who stood alone
On many a stormy day.

*SONG XXXVII.

ON THE BATTLE EVE.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

AIR—"Cruiskeen Lawn."

'To-MORROW, comrade, we
On the battle plain must be,
There to conquer or both lie low, low, low;
But there's wine still in the cup,
And the morning star is up,
So we'll take another quaff ere we go, boy, go,
So we'll take another quaff ere we go.

'Tis true, in manliest eyes
A passing tear may rise,
When we think of the friends we leave alone, lone,
lone;

But what can wailing do—
See our goblets weeping too—
With its tears we'll chase away our own, boys, own,
With its tears we'll chase away our own.

But daylight 's stealing on ;
The last that o'er us shone
Saw our children around us at play, play, play;
The next—ah where shall we
And those rosy urchins be;
But no matter—grasp the sword, and away, boys, away,
But no matter—grasp the sword and away.

Let those who brook the chain
Of Saxon or of Dane,
Ignobly by the fire-side stay, stay, stay,
One sigh to home be given,
One heartfelt prayer to Heaven,
Then for Erin and her cause, boys, hurra, hurra,
Then for Erin and her cause, boys, hurra.

*SONG XXXVIII.

A REPLY TO THE FOREGOING, BY THE REV. JOHN GRAHAM.

The gauntlet down is hurl'd—
And the standard is unfurl'd—
  Now comes at last the long expected day, day, day,
For the glories of the Boyne;
In the battle field we'll join
  For William and his cause, boys, hurra, ra, ra,
  So for William and his cause, boys, hurra.

We need no spur from wine,
When we stand for cause Divine—
  We fear not for the friends we leave alone, lone, lone.
Our sisters and our wives,
And our rosy urchins' lives,
  Will be shielded by the shielder of the throne,
    throne, throne,
  Will be shielded by the shielder of the throne.

The rebels say they'll watch,
To lift up our bed-room latch,
  And redden with our blood each hearth stone;
But they tried in days of yore
The experiment before,
  And the wretchedness and ruin was their own, own,
    own,
  And the wretchedness and ruin was their own.

In days now long since gone,
By the sword in Forty-one,
They sought to put the Protestants all down, down, down,
But confounded even then,
They were baffled by the men
Who battled for the Bible and the Crown, Crown, Crown,
Who battled for the Bible and the Crown.

SONG XXXIX.

FOR THE GENERAL ELECTION, ADDRESSED TO THE PROTESTANTS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

AIR—"Rodney's Glory."

YE sons of freedom stout and bold,
Whose ancestors were ne'er controll'd,
Awake from slumber, and behold
The Jesuits' crusaders.
Now is your time to stand or fall,
Oh, now come forward one and all,
And to St. Stephen's ancient hall,
Send faithful Knights to guard our rights,
From Priests' vile sway, whose zeal excites
The Blackfeet and their leaders.

Recorded actions we may view,
Of our forefathers, brave and true,
Who James's forces did subdue,
And sav'd our Constitution:
They fought and bled to realize
The blessings we should ever prize;
Their great example don't despise,
The men restrain who would again
Tread on our necks, could they obtain
A counter revolution.

Our history's authentic page,
Recalls the persecuting rage,
That Popery, in every age,
Mark'd as an evil spirit—
Those who profess that creed, proclaim
It is and shall be still the same,
And shall we, to our lasting shame,
Such men promote or those who'd vote
Away our rights, and falsehood quote,
Our Church to disinherit?

Then let us not inactive lie,
As yet we may the power defy,
Of Priests and Radicals who try
To urge on revolution

But like our sires renown'd and brave,
Though rebels rail, or bigots rave,
The British Crown from foemen save,
With zeal maintain fair freedom's reign,
And valiantly restore again
Our glorious Constitution.

*SONG XL.

AIR—"Cruskeen Lawn."

You Williamites so true,
Of the Orange and the Blue,
That dwell in this country all round, round, round,
O! may they increase,
And multiply in ev'ry place,
And join to keep rebellion down, down, down,
And join to keep rebellion down.

The twenty-third of May,
Was to have been the fatal day,
To assassinate all friends of the Crown, Crown, Crown,
But our kingly yeomen brave,
Our country then did save,
By keeping the rebellion down, down, down,
By keeping the rebellion down.

O ! well you may remember
On the fourth of last November,
The birth-day of William high in renown, nown, nown,
What a glorious sight was seen
That day in College-green,
Of them that kept rebellion down, down, down,
Of them that kept rebellion down.

The Crops were so dismay'd
When our Orange was display'd,
At our victory they were seen to frown, frown, frown,
They also stopp'd their ears,
Being much annoy'd by cheers,
And the bands playing Croppies lie down, down, down,
And the bands playing Croppies lie down.

So fill high your glass to him,
Who made the Crops to swing,
In villages, in cities, and in town, town, town,
Lord Camden is his name,
May he shortly come again,
To keep the damn'd rebellion down, down, down,
And to keep the damn'd rebellion down.

SONG XLI.

O'CONNELL'S LAMENTATION FOR IRELAND.

AIR—"Molly Astore."

Oh, Erin! with a throbbing heart
I mourn thy fallen state;
How poor and wretched now thou art,
Though once both free and great.
Accurs'd be that Pope's fatal Bull,
That brought King Henry o'er,
And gave that tyrant leave to pull
Sweet freedom from thy shore.

And well I recollect the date,
Which makes my blood to boil,
When England's hostile troops, elate,
First press'd thy fertile soil,
And by their skill and bravery
Soon made of thee their own,
Which ever since, in slavery,
Has caus'd thy sons to groan.

Tis true, our forefathers of old,
With famous Brian Boru,
Engag'd the Danes with courage bold,
And did their hosts subdue;

Yet those triumphant Britons vile,
Six hundred years and more,
Have tyranniz'd o'er thee, lov'd Isle,
Nor would our rights restore.

And when against them we rebell'd,
And fought them foul and fair,
Still by the sword they us compell'd
Their galling yoke to bear;
Though we of them, in Forty-one,
Two hundred thousand slew;
By Cromwell we were overthrown,
And forc'd for peace to sue.

Our hopes then fled till good King James
Obtain'd the British Crown,
Who strove to grant us all our claims,
And raise us to renown;
But Orange William, with his train,
Expell'd him from the throne,
And at the Boyne and Aughrim's plain,
The day prov'd all his own.

This sad event destroy'd our aim
At ruling Church and State,
Then on the ruins of our name
Usurpers became great,

And with them feuds and broils increased,
Peace vanish'd from the land,
While those who over us were plac'd
Rul'd with an iron hand.

Though now we have obtain'd our Bill,
Which long we sought in vain,
Old Erin wants her Senate still,
And native Kings to reign;
And while the Orangemen survive,
To guard the British throne,
For this, alas! we need not strive,
Their valour's too well known.

SONG XLII.

ADDRESSED TO THE FRIENDS OF RELIGION AND TRUE LIBERTY.

AIR—"Hearts of Oak."

You Protestants valiant, whose ancestors bold,
Defeated oppressors and tyrants of old,
No longer inactive or silent remain,
Your rights are assail'd, and you must them maintain.
Remember the martyrs who died at the stake,
Your faith propagating,
And error defeating,
And shall ye the cause they defended forsake.

In statesmen controll'd by the tools of a Pope,
Disdain for the future to place any hope;
These time-serving minions—Reformers untrue—
The Scriptures of truth would remodel anew,
To please those whose tenets on oath they abjure;
And infidels jarring,
Impotently warring
Against sway celestial, and Gospel light pure.

Then rally in time, and respond to the call
Of men ready by you to stand or to fall;
And as future safety on union depends,
Now promptly support your Conservative friends,
True patriots shielding religion and laws;
Sedition repelling,
And turbulence quelling,
Oh, who would not join in so glorious a cause!

*SONG XLIII.

THE GALLANT GRAHAMS. AN HISTORICAL SONG.

BY THE REV. JOHN GRAHAM.

AIR—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

In ancient days, historians tell,
When Rome in Europe bore the bell,
And Britons fought, and bled, and fell,
Indignant in their fall,

Our Caledonian sires defied
The Roman pomp, and power, and pride,
And forced the conquerors to hide
Behind a moated wall.

From sea to sea the astonished eye
Beheld them raise the rampart high,
With towers rising to the sky,
The proofs of their dismay.
But one great Scot his country freed
From every barrier but the Tweed,
And Graham's Dyke records the deed,
In memory to-day.

And, when on Falkirk's fatal plain,
For sacred rights blood flowed amain,
The patriot army saw with pain
Dundaff's bold Chieftain die,
Sir John de Graham, Scotland's pride,
In many a hard-fought battle tried,
Fall by his loved commander's side—
And Wallace heaved a sigh.

From this old martial house arose
The gallant Marquis of Montrose,
Who made his Royal Master's foes
His matchless vigour feel;

From Inverness to Carlisle Green,
From Glasgow Gate to Aberdeen,
The loyal hero's flag was seen,
And felt his rapid steel.

And later still did Scotland see
From Claverhouse the brave Dundee,
Worthy a better cause was he
Than that in which he bled.
Bold as a lion drenched in blood,
At Killicrankie Pass he stood,
There made his glorious victory good,
And fell among the dead.

And when "broad Europe" lately mourned
Her thrones and altars overturned,
And British valour brightly burned
To draw the avenging sword:
Erin sent Wellington to fame—
Albion her Hill, heroic name!
And Caledon another Græme,
Her lovely Lynedoch's lord.

The fire that felled the Roman wall,
Flashed bright in proud Sebastian's fall;
Barossa's brilliant deeds recall
The thoughts of Tippermuir.

But now that war's alarms are o'er,
The laurelled hero toils no more,
Blessed on his happy native shore,
His country's cause secure.

SONG XLIV.

THE CONFLICT.

ADDRESSED TO THE CONSERVATIVE MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH SENATE.

AIR—"Young Lochinvar."

HASTE forth to the conflict Conservatives brave,
And valiantly stand Throne and Altar to save—
With courage the base coalition break down,
Nor tamely surrender the Protestant Crown,
Assail'd now by Papists and Infidels vile,
And all who the temple of freedom defile.

In Erin the Jesuits joyous are grown,
And fancy the tithes are already their own;
The lands confiscated by freedom of yore
They hope to make those who possess them restore,
And finally sever from Britain the Great
The island, as settled before "Ninety-eight."

But hark! through old England loud swells on the gale
The cry which compell'd Lord John Russell to quail,

And sent him to Devon, his most esteem'd place,
Defeated, and cover'd with lasting disgrace!
The man who to league with O'Connell thought fit,
Unworthy was deemed in the Senate to sit.

In vain was the begging-box handed about—
In vain did the Whigs and the Radicals spout;
The spirit which hurl'd King James from the Throne
Disdain'd the Dictator's weak minion to own;
The cry issued forth—"Ne'er in Britain's fair isle
Will Rome again light up the funeral pile.

Then rally, though danger apparent is near,
With England to aid you what have you to fear?
Her voice must be heard, and the motley array
Assembled against you will shrink in dismay:
The bold British lion has shaken his mane—
And woe be to those who attempt him to chain.

*SONG XLV.

PROTECT THY BRITAIN'S FAVOURED ISLE.

O Thou, of all, the sov'reign Lord,
Our altars to thy name we raise;
A name by worlds unknown ador'd,
Of gratitude we hymn the praise.
O still beneath thy fostering smile,
Protect thy Britain's favour'd isle.

While ravag'd realms no more rejoice,
Whose hills with sounds of horror ring;
Of Peace we hear the dove-like voice,
Defended by her guardian wing.
O still beneath thy fost'ring smile,
Protect thy Britain's favour'd isle.

From realms where mounts the orb of day,
To those that see his setting beam,
Our Britain holds a glorious sway,
Of Fame's loud trump the constant theme,
O still beneath thy fost'ring smile,
Protect thy Britain's favour'd isle.

SONG XLVI.

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

AIR—"The Wounded Hussar."

LET each British soldier, whose heart pants for glory,
With laurel-deck'd brow hail this glorious day,
Which witness'd a battle, unequalled in story,
And gave peace to Europe, long fill'd with dismay.
Till time leaves this world envelop'd in flame,
The deeds of the Waterloo conquerors brave,
Still brightly will shine on the annals of fame,
And rouse British valour true freedom to save.

Both armies that morning to conquer aspiring,
And boldly determin'd against giving way,
Advanc'd to the conflict, their guns briskly firing,
And soon hot and bloody commenc'd the affray.
The Cuirassiers, cased in their armour of steel,
The lines of the British oft strove to break through,
But our heavy cavalry back made them wheel,
Repuls'd still with slaughter by these heroes true.

Then Wellington, Picton, and Uxbridge undaunted,
With their gallant soldiers stood fast on the field,
Against proud Napoleon, who haughtily vaunted
He would cause the force of Great Britain to yield.
But though he commanded the chosen of France,
Superior in numbers to our heroes true,
Unshaken against them our troops did advance,
Resolv'd all to die or their foes to subdue.

As chief of the leaders to England devoted,
Who gain'd fame immortal on that dreadful day,
Great Picton and Ponsonby fearless were noted,
For ofttimes compelling the foe to give way,
But cover'd with glory they fell, undismay'd,
Where thousands lay dying, or dead on the plain,
The grave of the victors with laurel arrayed,
Their lot was to fight for and valiantly gain.

The fate of the battle was long undecided,
At length Bonaparte thought the field was his own,
And sent forth his troops by tried officers guided,
But at that fierce charge he beheld them o'erthrown.
To crown his confusion, the Prussians so brave,
Led forward by Blucher, approach'd within view,
Then routed, he hasten'd a remnant to save,
And left to the British far-fam'd Waterloo.

This glorious victory happily ended
A war most destructive and dismal to see,
Which through most of Europe fierce ravage extended,
Great Britain alone from its scourge being free;
But thanks be to Him that preserv'd England's Crown,
Who rais'd up great Wellington, prudent and brave,
To put the usurper of monarchy down,
And Europe from bloodshed and anarchy save.

SONG XLVII.

FOR THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SHUTTING OF THE GATES OF DERRY.

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."

THE pealing bells—the cannons' roar,
That echo wakes around,
Proclaim the day renown'd of yore,
Dear to this hallowed ground,

When Derry's 'Prentice Boys stood forth
In freedom's honoured cause;
And by their deeds inspired the North
To fight for faith and laws.
Then Ulster's sons, with "swords and guns,"
Came here in bold array,
And side by side, like brothers tried,
Fought till they gain'd the day.

Like Gideon's few, those heroes true,
A mighty host laid low,
Who here had come, to fight for Rome,
And Derry overthrow!
But though fierce Gauls, to scale our Walls,
Combined with Irish foes;
Their efforts fail'd, full soon they quail'd
Beneath bold freemen's blows.
Then England's Throne and Altar shone,
Their truth and light restored;
While mercy's sway held on its way,
And justice gained her sword.

Thus Derry held triumphant out,
And Enniskillen town,
Where fought Fermanagh's yeomen stout,
And won deserved renown;
From Foyle's fair shore to Erne's wave
The "No Surrender" cry

Was echoed by these victors brave,
Who made their foemen fly,
King William's name they did proclaim,
And flock'd his ranks to join;
When boldly he to make us free,
In armour crossed the Boyne.

The same revengeful, cruel creed,
Which Europe drenched with gore,
And caused our ancestors to bleed,
Is now at work once more;
A full ascendancy to gain,
And Protestants put down--
Knaves, too, like Lundy, PLACE retain,
Who would betray the Crown.
But let us, like our sires of old,
On Israel's guide depend;
And should we treason's day behold,
He will our cause defend.

*SONG XLVIII.

O'MULGRAVE AND HIS MASTER.

BY THE REV. JOHN GRAHAM.

AIR—"Nora Creina."

STRIKE the harp and raise the song
To great O'Mulgrave give your greeting,
He went off that we might scoff
At England in our Cobourg meeting.
Erin's cause he must maintain,
Witness well his green procession,
When for Dan he came to reign,
And of the sceptre take possession.
Fill the glass, the wine must pass,
Come, drink the beverage fast and faster,
When we toast and when we boast
Of great O'Mulgrave and his master.

Poets dull may praise the bull
O'er briny waves Europa bearing,
We sing Bull, of folly full,
His empire with a scoundrel sharing.
Sixty tailsmen on his back,
His brawny shoulders overloading,

Round his ears their whips they crack,
His flank by Irish pikemen goading.
Strike the brute before, behind,
Above, below, and round about him,
Drive him till he breaks his wind,
And then shall Erin live without him.

Live?—aye, live and prosper, too,
When with foreign states united,
France or Spain our work will do,
When England's glory shall be blighted;
Her back to Britain's backward isle,
Her fairest front to the Atlantic,
At Bull in deep contempt she'll smile,
While he with jealous rage is frantic.
Canadian French the sword will wrench
From those who hold not Rome's opinion,
And on some day shall drop away
In East and West John Bull's dominion.

Down the Biblemen must go—
Scripture language deemed sedition—
High the Church of Rome will grow,
And proud her court of Inquisition.
Those who are loyal overmuch
May then be loyal over little,

For broken Bull with beggar's crutch
No Irishman will care one spittle,
So strike John Bull before, behind,
Above, below, and round about him,
Drive him till he breaks his wind,
And then shall Erin live without him.

SONG XLIX.

OCCASIONED BY THE PASSING OF THE REFORM BILL.

AIR—"Blue bonnets over the border."

BRITAIN, thy treacherous foes have at length prevail'd
Glory and peace from thy shores have departed,
Thy Legislature, by turbulent mobs assail'd,
Basely surrender'd and prov'd rotten hearted.
How could the sons of those who often crush'd their foes,
Shrink from the conflict, by tumult affrighted,
Had they but stood their ground, as did their sires renown'd,
Foemen in vain had against thee united.
Rouse, rouse, freemen arouse from sleep,
Rally, indignant, repel the invaders;
Suffer not traitors your charters away to sweep,
Though should a Melbourne be chief of their leaders.

Trappists and Jesuits, monks of the vilest grade,
Wicked inciters to bloodshed and treason,
Settled in Erin, pursue agitation's trade,
War and rebellion to cause in due season.
Hence, in the open day, Whitefeet the loyal slay,
Tithes are resisted, and rapine extended;
To wield pike and musket bright, ruffians are drill'd by night,
Marshall'd and train'd for the slaughter intended.
Rouse, rouse, freemen arouse from sleep, &c.

Protestants, rouse, and no longer unmov'd behold,
By Whiggish rulers your freedom invaded,
Stand for the rights which your forefathers gain'd of old,
Else shall your offspring be robb'd and degraded;
Witness those schools profound, where Scripture truths abound,
By them depriv'd of their public donation,
While to support Maynooth, pois'ner of Popish youth,
Thousands are voted without hesitation.
Rouse, rouse, freemen arouse from sleep, &c.

*SONG L.

TYRONE.

BY THE REV. JOHN GRAHAM.

INSCRIBED TO JAMES LOWRY, ESQ., OF ROCHDALE.

AIR—"Garryowen."

WOULD you wish to find friends that are faithful and true,
Devoted through life to the Orange and Blue,
Would you seek for stout friends to the Altar and Throne,
Come down to the lads of the County Tyrone;
Surrounded by Derry, by Antrim, and Down,
By Fermanagh renowned for her love of the Crown,
By Cavan, Armagh, and by Monaghan brave,
We're here to defy both the tyrant and slave.
Would you wish to find friends that are faithful and true,
Devoted through life to the Orange and Blue,
Would you seek for stout friends to the Altar and Throne,
Come down to the lads of the County Tyrone.

When Philemy Roe with his rebels broke out,
The lads of the Lagan soon put him to rout,
Old Leslie then left his episcopal stall,
And hunted the rabble from fair Donegal;

Oh loud was the skriek and the cry and the roar,
As they ran for their lives through wild Barnesmore,
And hundreds in heaps in the valley lay low,
While the victors marched back to the fort of Raphoe.
Would you wish to find friends, &c.

When James, with his minions and frogeaters vile,
Would banish the Bible from Erin's green isle—
When cruel Rosen, in calamitous year,
With thousands around him to Derry came near,
Tyrone turned out with her Walker so brave
The fair cause of truth and of freedom to save;
Knockmany sent Cairnes to Derry so true,
And down went the flag of the bigoted crew.
Would you wish to find friends, &c.

The blood that then boiled in the Derrymen's veins,
In the heart of their sons in full vigour remains;
Though Lundys we find false to country and creed,
Our Walkers in worth and in numbers exceed.
For one that in fight on the banks of the Boyne
The standard of William did valiantly join,
Full ten would turn out in the battle to stand,
That soon must be fought for our lives and our land.
Would you wish to find friends, &c.

In Dublin, in Carlow, in Cork and Kildare,
The lords of the soil in our perils all share;
In Wicklow and Wexford our friends are not few,
And Sligo and Longford have always been true.
Then why should we slumber, why close up our eyes,
When a treacherous foe for our downfal loud cries,
And a war of one year for a Protestant Crown
Would set all to rights and make Croppies lie down.
Would you wish to find friends, &c.

SONG LI.

FOR THE 149TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

AIR—"Boyne Water."

One hundred years and forty-nine
Their course have terminated,
Since brave King William crossed the Boyne,
And promptly James defeated,
Rome's baneful sway he crushed that day,
Though high in expectation,
And sav'd our land from yoke and brand
Of foreign domination.

The river deep, back could not keep
Great Nassau from engaging
The Irish host, on the south coast,
Though fierce the fight was raging.

His soldiers true, the waves dash'd through,
Led on by leaders daring,
And made the foe before them go,
Defeat and slaughter sharing.

Soon heaven, with approving smile,
The victory awarded
To William, who preserved our isle,
And faith and freedom guarded.
His conquering sword our laws restor'd,
And liberty protected :
France fear'd his might, oft prov'd in fight,
And Britain's Crown respected.

Let Protestants, wherever met,
This day, which freemen made them,
The guide of Israel ne'er forget,
Who William sent to aid them.
Rome would again, with tyrant chain,
Fast bind both strong and tender ;
But should she try, our battle cry
Shall still be "No Surrender."

SONG LII.

LORD MULGRAVE'S TOUR TO THE NORTH-WEST.

AIR—"Ballinamono Oro."

WHEN Mulgrave the mighty, from Dublin set out,
Fair Connaught and Ulster to view in his route,
The Priests and their flocks, as he pass'd, swelled his train,
And pipers and fiddlers struck up a gay strain,
Singing Ballynamono Oro,
Good days are for Erin in store, O,
The vile Orange faction no more, O,
Need hope here ascendant to be.

Drumsna, Boyle, and Sligo, and neat Donegal,
To greet him their thousands sent forth, great and small;
Kilcar, Dunkaneely, the Glenties, Dungloe—
But all were eclips'd by the Castle of Doe,
Where cannon the rocks rent asunder,
And, to his agreeable wonder,
MacSweyn's* ocean gun roar'd like thunder,
To welcome the chieftain renown'd.

* "It is a curious fact, the truth of which we can avouch, and on which a poetical imagination might luxuriate, that the sounds of the famed MacSweyn's gun were heard, on the neighbouring hills, to commence at the same time; and, compared with its thunders, even the reports of Captain Hart's well-charged ordnance dwindled into childish treble."—*Derry Journal of Tuesday, August* 30, 1836.

Old Neptune arose, and his trident display'd,
To honour the Viceroy; and he, it is said,
Or else the fierce spirit of gallant MacSweyn,
Discharged the Great Gun with such force from the main.
The hills for some thirty miles round, O,
And caverns re-echoed the sound, O,
And shook like an earthquake the ground, O,
On this most remarkable day.

Next morning to blithe Letterkenny he went,
Though Sunday, he travell'd, while shouts the air rent;
There hundreds assembled the Viceroy to view,
Because on that day they had nothing to do.
Wherever he goes, fresh addresses
Arrive thick as battle expresses;
What smiles and familiar caresses!!
The "pisantry" freely bestow.

Thus Daniel's "Liftinant" goes hunting for praise,
And royalty's trappings profusely displays,
Disgusting the gentry, and courting the mob,
Who lend their assistance the clergy to rob.
Men guilty of crimes, oft repeated,
From prison are soon liberated,
Strict justice is laugh'd at and cheated,
While demagogues rule as they please.

*SONG LIII.

ON THE DEATH OF THE AUTHOR'S FAVOURITE HORSE ON THE 30TH OF JANUARY, 1832.

BY THE REV JOHN GRAHAM.

Adapted to the Music of "The Lass of Gowrie."

" Illustris sonipes certe dignissime cœli
Cui leo, cui taurus, cui daret ursa locum,
Quæ te felicem felicia prata tulere,
Ubera quæ felix tribuit alma parens?"

Epitaph on King William's Horse.

And art thou gone, my milk-white steed,
Renowned for courage, strength, and speed;
From toil and trouble thou art freed,
But this is my disaster;
No more on Boyne or Derry's day,
When thousands meet in proud array,
Wilt thou to meet his men convey
Thine own old Orange master.

No musquet shot could make thee start,
But onward still inclined to dart,
No noise could shake thy dauntless heart,
Though cannon balls should rattle.
Oh what a loss thy death might be,
Should we rebellion sudden see,
What horse could ever carry me
So steadily to battle?

To battle ?—yes, and say, why not ?
The Patriarchs of old have fought,
And it's a modern monkish thought
That gownsmen, sly and cunning,
Should from their cloth protection seek,
Affecting to be mild and meek,
In health of body, plump of cheek,
The post of honour shunning.

Where danger is, that man should stand
To preach or pray, serve or command,
Who once has taken it in hand
To be a people's pastor.
The Priests of Rome, on Aughrim's plain,
Could danger for King James disdain,
George Walker's blood the Boyne did stain
For William his brave master.

Owen M'Egan fought and died,
Supporting Rome's imperial pride,
A zealous Bishop's red blood dye'd
The frowning gate of Derry.
For Charles, on Letterkenny plain,
His priests, while blood was shed like rain,
For faith they deem'd divine, were slain
'Twixt that and Lifford ferry.

And later, upon Arklow's field
Priest Murphy in strong courage steel'd,
For what he deem'd his rights, did yield
His life to foemen cruel ;
Others, like him, though not so stout,
Inciting now the rabble rout,
May all as Captains bold rush out
To warfare or to duel.

If, then, at duty's sacred call,
On Aughrim's plain or Derry wall,
Thy master should in battle fall,
Against wild revolution ;
Like sentinel from post reliev'd,
He'd go to death but little griev'd,
If he that day should see retriev'd
Our glorious Constitution.

Then slumber in thy bed of sand,
No Whig or Tory in the land,
No living monarch could command
The rest thou art enjoying ;
No ministers thy mind perplex,
No demagogues thine heart can vex,
No hostile spy of either sex
Thine household peace destroying.

No minister, as mean as proud—
No censure of the fickle crowd—
No mob's vile clamour long and loud
Shall keep thine eyes from closing.
No filthy foe, no faithless friend,
A dagger through thy heart can send,
For all vexation's at an end
In thy calm bed reposing.

And well, full well, indeed, 'twould be
For many prouder folks than thee,
To be from grief and care thus free,
In dust serenely sleeping;
To die before their grief-worn eyes
Shall see the loss of all they prize,
As Time in silence onward flies,
Regardless of their weeping.

SONG LIV.

INSCRIBED TO THE PEAR TREE, IN THE RERE OF THE EAST-WALL, ON SEEING IT IN FULL BLOSSOM, 30TH APRIL, 1840, ALTHOUGH SUPPOSED TO BE UPWARDS OF 200 YEARS OLD.

AIR—"A Rose Tree in full bearing."

HAIL, venerable Pear Tree,
Again with fragrant blossoms crown'd,
Time seems resolv'd to spare thee,
Though spreading marks of ruin round

The wintry blast, destructive,
  Two centuries thou hast withstood,
And yet thou art productive—
  By Spring's reviving breath renewed.

Successive generations,
  Who ate thy fruit, have passed away,
And some exalted nations,
  Within thy time have lost their sway;
Yet nature's quick'ning powers
  Make thee appear still fresh and fair,
Array'd in milk-white flowers
  Whose fragrance sweet perfumes the air.

When Derry was invaded,
  And bullets flying thick as hail,
Although no wall thee shaded,
  No shot against thee did prevail;
Couldst thou relate the story,
  How well our sires then played their part—
Their sufferings and their glory
  Would animate the coldest heart.

Their deeds were oft repeated
  In England, titled merry, then,
And Freedom smil'd, elated,
  While pointing to her Derry men;

But now they are forgotten—
The Throne, establish'd by their zeal,
Is tarnish'd by Whigs rotten,
Who care not for the nation's weal.

Long may thy branches flourish,
Respected patriarchal tree,
And dews, refreshing, nourish
The fertile spot which nurtures thee ;
May no rude hand assail thee,
Nor hurricane against thee blow,
Till nature's succour fail thee,
And Time himself thee overthrow.

SONG LV.

ON THE REVIVAL OF ORANGEISM.

AIR—"Nancy Dawson."

COME let us meet in love and glee,
Ye Orange brethren, bold and free,
And toast in bumpers "three times three"
The Orange Institution.
May it again triumphant stand,
The shield of this our lovely land,
In spite of that malignant band,
Who hate our Constitution.
Then let us meet, &c.

Think on the year of " Ninety-eight,"
When thousands rose against the State,
What did their sanguine hopes defeat?
The Orange Institution.
For in defence of Britain's Crown,
Our Orange yeomen of renown
Put the insulting rebels down,
And saved our Constitution.

Soon as the Orange system spread
The Popish persecution fled,
And disaffection hid her head,
Check'd by our Institution.
Peace was restor'd to this fair Isle,
Secur'd by Freedom's cheering smile,
Thus Orangemen, from traitors vile,
Preserv'd our Constitution.

To counteract, by valour sound,
All hostile plots that might abound,
Brave Verner did most wisely found
The Orange Institution.
Erected on a basis sure,
To keep us and our rights secure,
And guard from foes, of faith impure,
The Crown and Constitution.
Then let us meet, &c.

*SONG LVI.

ON THE CLARE ELECTION.

BY THE REV. JOHN GRAHAM.

AIR—"Boyne Water."

"We began the fight on the first of July, and we will take away the song from the Orangemen for the future—we will sing 'July the first,' in Ennis town."—*O'Connell's Speech at the Clare Election in* 1829.

JULY the first, in Ennis town,
Upon a sultry morning,
The Priests the landlords soon put down,
All obligations scorning;
The Clare men prov'd how well they lov'd
The chains they hug around them,
And ere 'twas late expos'd the state
In which this age has found them.

They prov'd how superstition vile
All moral sense defaces,
Man's finest feelings can defile,
And all his heart debases;
In frenzy wild, not wife or child,
Nor landlord could restrain them
From joining those, who with their foes
Pretend still to maintain them.

These who command, in Erin's land,
The soil in fee for ever,
Now clearly see from holdings free,
The bondsmen they must sever;
By Britain brave—not Rome's mean slave,
Our land must be protected,
No more shall foes break our repose—
Their knavery's detected.

Henceforward tenants must be sought
In England or in Sweden,
From Wales or Scotland hither brought,
To make our isle an Eden,
Compared with that degraded state,
In which foul Rome detains it,
And like proud Spain, in visions vain,
And ignorance, enchains it.

Ye landlords, then, seek for good men,
And to your freeholds bind them,
Nor need you roam—for here at home
In plenty ye can find them:
Send Antrim's sons, with ploughs and guns,
To Waterford and Kerry,
And take good care to thicken Clare
With colonies from Derry.

Fermanagh fair can thousands spare,
Who wish to cross the ocean,
But if some land they could command,
Would soon give up the notion.
For many a town Armagh and Down
Could spare a population;
Tyrone, alone, could prop the Throne
By an inland emigration.

SONG LVII.

SONG FOR THE PRECURSORS,

AS CHANTED BY THE GREAT MENDICANT ON HIS AGITATING EXCURSION THROUGH MUNSTER.

AIR—"Larry O'Gaff."

You stout men of Munster, who always are ready
To shoot down a parson or shoulder a pike,
Come rally around me, with hearts hale and steady,
And let us for "justice to Ireland" strike:
By making a noise and the Tories deceiving,
The Catholic Bill and Reform we've gained;
But boons such as these were not worth the receiving
Compared to what yet may be promptly obtained.

SPOKEN—To be sure, I and some of our Bishops both said and swore before we carried Emancipation, that the passing of this bill would make the Roman Catholics of Ireland as quiet as lambs; but then it could not be considered a crime to either say or swear to the greatest falsehood, provided it was done for the good of the *Church*, which tells us for our comfort, *that faith is not to be kept with heretics.*

CHORUS.

Then let each man willing, just pop down his shilling,
And join the Precursors, nor longer delay;
Without agitation undone is the nation,
And I cannot work for repeal without pay.

The man who seeks gold with a pistol uplifted,
Will always be sure to enforce his demand;
While he who it begs, though with eloquence gifted,
In vain to obtain it may stretch forth his hand:
Thus let half a million Precursors in arms,
Our grievances lay at the foot of the throne;
Our words then would have such emphatical charms,
That all we might seek for would soon be our own.

SPOKEN—Let us first try the effects of flattery and fair promises on the English Parliament; but should that fail, let us then hoist the standard of *Repeal*, and at once set England at defiance. However, if we can effect our purpose by threats and intimidation, it would be best to avoid coming to blows, as we know John Bull, when roused, to be a dangerous animal, such as Irish curs would not like to encounter.

CHORUS.

The times are inviting for those who love fighting,
Canadian Frenchmen, united and brave,
Seem ready for action—the vile Orange faction
No longer are able the land to enslave.

Duke Arthur, though Irish, is proud and unfeeling,
And would put us down were the Tories restor'd;

He long since declared, that instead of fair dealing,
We should be subdued by the bullet and sword:
There's Lyndhurst, vindictive, and Brougham, the traitor,
The falsest and basest beneath the bright sun,
Both leagued against Erin; and deeply they hate her—
So stand, boys, together, or else we're undone.

SPOKEN—Indeed we need not depend on either the Whigs or the English Radicals—the former are too feeble to help us, and the latter too treacherous and violent to be trusted. I think every *Priest in Ireland should become an officer in the Precursors' army, and be ready to act, in case of a general rising against the Saxons, like the heroic Murphy, and others of their brave predecessors.*

CHORUS.

Tithes, glebe-lands, and houses, to fight for should rouse us,
By right they belong to the true church of Rome;
With numbers augmented, why rest then contented,
Until they once more her possession become?

The black Orange North might oppose revolution,
But should we attack it as in Forty-one—
Burn, pillage, and murder, with strong resolution,
The heretics soon would be all dead and gone:
The Whigs at my bidding the Yeomen disarmed,
So that we at present have little to fear,
And now by Canadian rebels alarmed,
The troops they'll withdraw, and the stage leave us clear.

SPOKEN—The Irish are surely a braver people than the Belgians, and better entitled to become an independent nation; and if by shouting and agitating we can only keep the Whigs in office, we shall either accomplish this or place England under the domination of Ireland. All I require to gain this important advantage, would be just fifty additional Irish members under my command in the House of Commons; and this I shall insist upon in the ensuing session, or at once set about the dismemberment of the empire.

CHORUS.

And now for the "thribit" your feeling exhibit,
My coffers are empty I freely confess;
The day, you'll remember, comes on in December,
So forth with the coppers let one and all press.

*SONG LVIII.

FOR THE 151ST ANNIVERSARY OF THE SHUTTING OF THE GATES OF DERRY.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

AIR—"A Rose Tree in full bearing."

No gen'rous toil declining,
The fair ones of Derry came,
Arousing and refining
In bold hearts the patriot flame.
The soldier, sternly pacing
Yon rampart, well their magic knew,
His eye and thought embracing
These homes, shrining souls so true.

But deeper darkness gathers,
And wild raves the storm of death;

Oh, then our gallant fathers,
Could tell more of woman's faith.
Their grasp the banners rending,
That martial prize had won in vain;
But gentler hands defending,
Secured them within the fane.

Still reign such influence o'er us,
Confirming the good begun,
Till, like our sires before us,
We hallow each trophy won.
While pious, pure, and tender,
Our lovely dames around us smile,
We'll make our No Surrender
Their safeguard through Erin's isle.

SONG LIX.

ON THE GENERAL ELECTION IN 1835.

AIR—"The Gallant Arethusa."

YE Protestant Electors brave,
Who can alone our freedom save,
Come forward now, and stem the wave
Of frightful revolution:
Behold! against you stand array'd,
A motley host of every grade,
Determin'd fiercely to invade
The Throne and Constitution.

Our gracious Monarch, wise and great,
The guardian of both Church and State,
Entreats you, ere it be too late,
To rally to your station;
Democracy, with giant stride,
Advances, threat'ning ruin wide,
And you are call'd on to decide
If it shall rule the nation.

In Erin agitation vile
Spreads crime and terror through the isle,
While Priests and bigots, full of guile,
The loyal brand as traitors:
Yet here, although we are but few,
Our duty we will fearless do,
And send forth many, tried and true,
To aid our Legislators.

Fermanagh, Derry, Donegal,
Down, Antrim, Cavan, one and all,
And fam'd Tyrone, with fervour shall
Choose Crown and Church defenders.
Belfast, Armagh, and fair Coleraine
Will still our glorious cause maintain,
And scout, with merited disdain,
All Radical pretenders.

You Protestants of England, then,
Rush forward to the poll like men,
Think on your sires undaunted, when
Their charters were invaded;
And emulate their noble zeal
For virtue, and the public weal,
Unite and valiantly prevail,
Or ever rest degraded.

SONG LX.

AN ADVICE TO ORANGEMEN.

AIR—"The Rejected Mason."

ALL ye who Orange colours wear,
And wish to be instructed,
Go place the Bible in the chair,
And by it be conducted;
For if Jehovah's voice ye hear,
And are by him directed,
Your enemies ye need not fear,
For ye will be protected.

Search through that volume and behold,
How his Almighty arm
Preserv'd the Israelites of old,
And kept them free from harm:

He sent them Moses for their guide,
And fully him instructed,
How Israel through the raging tide
By him should be conducted.

Next Joshua was forward sent,
Fair Canaan to discover,
Across the Jordan first he went,
And brought all Israel over;
The heathen fast before them flew,
Convuls'd with fear and wonder,
For he who sav'd his chosen few,
Oft spoke in tones of thunder.

While Israel to the law gave heed,
And on it meditated,
Peace, wealth, and honour was their meed,
And Kings their hearts elated;
But turning to idolatry,
They met with desolation,
A high decree caus'd them to be
Dispers'd through every nation.

But still the Lord, in darkest age,
Had many true believers,
Who lov'd to read his holy page,
In spite of all deceivers:

When guilty Rome would to the tomb
Consign his revelation,
A chosen few were still found true
In every Christian nation.

Now since from superstition's sway
The present generation
As yet is sav'd, let us to-day
Make steady preparation—
At Heaven's command to keep our land
From heathenish pollution,
From foreign yoke, and fatal stroke
Of Popish revolution.

*SONG LXI.

ON THE MASSACRE OF THE PROTESTANTS OF PARIS ON ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S EVE, AUGUST 23, 1572,

In memory of which a triumphant silver medal was struck off in Rome, one of which, in perfect preservation, was bought by the late Edward Pentland, of Strabane, in 1837, where it had been in the possession of one family for two centuries.

AIR—"Logie of Buchan."

ST. Bartholomew's day! we have noted the time,
So fearfully dark in the annals of crime,
When France saw her thousands who worshipp'd the Lord,
Fall, hewn to the ground, by Rome's treacherous sword;

When her blood-hounds raged fierce to unpeople the land,
When a king on his flock turned his butchering hand;
And the old and the young, and the timid and brave,
Undistinguish'd were cast into one common grave.

Thou smilest, proud harlot—perchance at the thought
Which Bartholomew's day to our memory has brought;
And high on the throne, in thy purple and pride,
The woes of our martyrs canst calmly deride.
But deep on thine head lies the guilt of that day—
The shrieks of the dying have not passed away;
The cry of their blood has ascended to heav'n,
And a day for dread vengeance will surely be giv'n.

Strangely flushed is thy cheek, but it is not with wine;
Thine hand grasps a cup, and thy brow bears a sign;
Thine eye glares with hatred, thy proud lip is curled
With a smile of contempt which defies the whole world.
But, mark it, thou drunken with holiest blood!
The day of thy plagues will come in as a flood;
The year of the Lord's purchased people draws nigh,
And the light of his coming will flash on thine eye.

We look on the blood which thy right hand hath spilt;
We joy for our martyrs, we mourn for thy guilt;

Though thy brow is as brass, and thine heart be as steel,
Though thou laugh'st at our words—for THY WOES we
can feel:
The smoke of thy flame to the sky will ascend,
The shrieks of thy tortures the deep hell will rend;
While loud hallelujahs triumphant proclaim,
God hath punished thy guilt, and avenged his great
name!

SONG LXII.

FOR THE RADICALS OF THE COUNTY OF DONEGAL, ON THEIR SIGNAL DEFEAT AT THE REGISTRY SESSIONS IN APRIL, 1837.

AIR—"Paddy O'Rafferty."

THE struggle is over, and we are defeated,
The Tories may boast, at their triumph elated,
The numbers we talked of and frequently vaunted,
Forgot to appear at the time they were wanted.
From fair Donegal they set off in a hurry,
Nor forward would venture though cheered on by
Murray,
While twelve for the Tories, of faith undivided,
Recorded their names, and the contest decided.

CHORUS.

Oh what has become of the mighty Costello,
And Kennedy proud, that aspiring young fellow,
With Dixon, and Macklin, and all that should aid us,
Who promised to victory onward to lead us.

At Glenties and old Letterkenny connected,
We mustered but twelve, all the rest were rejected,
While full fifty-six, who could not be prevented,
The band of Conservative forces augmented.
Our four-acre men, with their "fine mountain grazing,"
Can they be exhausted?—sure this is amazing;
Now Conolly and Hayes from the county to sever
O'Connell may strive, but accomplish will never.
Oh what has become, &c.

What doth it avail that our barefooted minions
In thousands assemble to speak our opinions?
Votes only can swamp the Conservative faction—
Without them our meetings are not worth a fraction.
The Tories, now roused from their indolent slumber,
At each coming conflict our men will outnumber;
Like Cavan, Fermanagh, Down, Antrim, and Derry,
They here too can laugh at our chieftain of Kerry.
Oh what has become, &c.

*SONG LXIII.

A SONG FOR THE YEOMEN.

BY THE REV. JOHN GRAHAM.

AIR—"There was a jolly miller once."

A brave and jolly yeoman long
Lived on the river Foyle,
When work was throng, a simple song
Beguil'd his daily toil:
"This was the burthen of that song,
And ever used to be,"
My King, though all the world goes wrong,
Shall find a friend in me.
This was the burthen of that song, &c.

In Ninety-eight, when Erin's state
Was bad as bad could be;
When rebels rose, and England's foes
Cried loud for liberty;
The yeoman then, while other men
Shook in their shoes for fear,
Undaunted stood and shed his blood,
Triumphant through the year.
This was the burthen of his song, &c.

O where! O where! while dull despair
Was stalking through the land,
Were all the prigs, the brainless Whigs,
Who now assume command?
Some quail'd at home, some fought for Rome,
And others ran away:
While yeomen brave, the land to save,
Fought on and gained the day.
This was the burthen of their song, &c.

And as the gallant yeoman then
Stood forward for the throne,
With loyal men he'll stand again,
And slavery disown.
For freeman's right undaunted fight,
While traitors bite the ground;
To England's laws and William's cause
For ever faithful found.
This was the burthen of his song, &c.

SONG LXIV.

FOR THE BATTLE OF AUGHRIM.

AIR—"The Boyne Water."

JULY the Twelfth, on Aughrim's plain,
There was a grievous battle,
Where seven thousand men were slain,
While freedom's guns did rattle.

Oh, fearful odds existed, when
With arms on both sides plenty,
William's eighteen thousand men
Crushed James's five-and-twenty.

St. Ruth, who fought for James's throne,
Had lately made a blunder—
He lost the fortress of Athlone,
Subdued by British thunder.
Sarsfield grieved to see the day
When Ginckle, with his cannon,
Through fire and water made his way,
And boldly cross'd the Shannon.

Though Derry justly is renown'd
Like Boyne, in Irish story,
Success like Aughrim's never crown'd
Their heroes with its glory.
And Limerick, though high in fame
For many a brave defender,
To Aughrim's laurel has no claim,
Famed only for surrender.

The fight commenced at Urachree,
Where Portland's horsemen, fearless,
Compelled the Irish troops to flee,
And fought with valour peerless.

Both armies soon that afternoon
  Were seen in conflict closing;
In vengeful ire, through smoke and fire,
  Rush'd on these foes opposing.

For full three hours the battle raged,
  Nor either side did waver;
And ne'er before, in strife engaged,
  Encountered soldiers braver.
But, while the fray seemed doubtful still,
  And man with man contended,
A shot at Kilcommoden Hill
  St. Ruth's existence ended.

The Irish, of their chief bereft,
  And almost all surrounded,
The gory field in terror left,
  And hurried off confounded.
With slaughter sore, five miles and more,
  The British host pursued them;
And only night secured their flight,
  Had utterly subdued them.

De Ginckle, on this glorious day,
  Won laurels, never-fading;
Ruvigni did much skill display
  While on his horsemen leading:

Mackay, Erle, and Talmash true,
The infantry commanded,
And many of their foemen slew
In battle, even-handed.

This victory, renowned and great,
With Limerick's surrender,
In Erin sealed King James's fate—
No more his troops could rend her.
Then Protestants fam'd Aughrim's day
Should evermore remember;
Likewise the Twelfth of August gay
And Eighteenth of December.

SONG LXV.

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE RELIEF OF LONDONDERRY, IN 1689.

AIR—"Rise, Sons of William, Rise."

SWELL high the grateful lay!
Ever hail the glorious day,
Which made the foe, subdued, give way,
And Derry's triumph crown'd,
Effected by the true and brave,
Who rather chose an honoured grave
Than yield to Rome's proud sceptred slave,
Who fiercely on them frown'd.

CHORUS.

Then let each gallant son
Of those who freedom nobly won,
Think on the deeds which they have done,
And emulate their fame.

Greece or Rome, of classic fame,
Cannot braver heroes name,
Than those who battled to proclaim
Fair Londonderry free.
Midst war and famine view them stand
Unflinching, a devoted band,
Till Heav'n, with interposing hand,
Compell'd their foes to flee.
Then let each gallant son, &c.

France sent forth troops in vain,
The crownless monarch to sustain,
Who hop'd that, should he Derry gain,
To re-ascend the Throne.
But when the fatal boom gave way
To Browning, on this joyful day,
The tyrant felt, with deep dismay,
His prospects bright had flown.
Then let each gallant son, &c.

Shades of the mighty dead!
Whilst upon the ground we tread,
Where for our liberties ye bled,
And conquer'd here of yore,
The cause which fired for England's weal
Your valiant hearts with martyrs' zeal
Shall not to us in vain appeal,
Should foemen rise once more.
Then let each gallant son, &c.

SONG LXVI.

ON THE IRISH CORPORATION BILL PASSING THROUGH THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

AIR—"The Siege of Carrickfergus."

WE once had the Peers of our Protestant nation,
As guardians of freedom, consistent and brave,
And long they maintained their pre-eminent station,
And baffled the arts of the mendicant knave;
But the Vatican thunder has made them knock under,
Sham Tories combining to ruin our cause;
With terror and wonder, now broken asunder,
We see the strong shield that protected our laws.
Alas, for the fate of our free Constitution,
At present in jeopardy placed by the foe,
The next thing may be for a grand revolution,
To cause Queen and Lords off in exile to go.

In vain might the Minister, led by his master,
Our Corporate bodies in Erin assail,
Their bill would have met with its final disaster,
If the Lords had resisted the Beggarman's Tail.
But the curse of the nation—vile Priests' agitation,
Has frightened the Peers and made Wellington quail,
And soon trepidation, in high and low station,
Through Britain and Erin will sadly prevail.
Alas for the fate, &c.

The Mendicant, now of his influence vaunting,
Has got his instalment, and bellows for more;
To sever old Erin from Britain he's panting,
And shouts for Repeal with a menacing roar.
Like maniac foaming, through Connaught he's roaming,
Through Munster and Leinster he next may parade,
But Ulster defies him, and still can despise him,
Nor dare he this Protestant province invade.
Alas, for the fate, &c.

As soon would the lion crouch down to the spaniel,
The eagle the vulture's supremacy own,
As Ulster bow down to the beggarly Daniel,
Or yield to the foes of our altar and throne.
With us ever ready, unflinching and steady,
Will England and Scotland undauntedly stand;
The mob legislation must cease in the nation,
And cabinet traitors be sent from our land.

CHORUS.

Hurra, boys, then still for our free Constitution
Of Queen, Lords, and Commons, still may it remain;
We'll have restitution—but not revolution,
And Protestant laws must protect us again.

SONG LXVII.

FOR THE RADICALS, OCCASIONED BY THE PASSING OF THE ACT IN 1832, PROHIBITING ORANGE PROCESSIONS.

AIR—"Vive la the French are coming."

HURRA, hurra, the days are coming,
When the haughty Orange boys,
Who annoy'd us with their drumming,
Must give up their hateful noise;
But for them a revolution,
Such as made King Charles flee,
And unhing'd the Constitution,
Could with ease effected be.
If their day of might were ended,
Throne and altar down would go,
And to Turks and Jews extended,
Suffrage universal flow.

Slaves may honour birth and station,
Sycophants extol the great,
Men are men in every nation,
And as men should legislate.
Why should some have thousands yearly
To support paternal pride,
While for land the poor pay dearly,
Treated with contempt beside ?
Yet the rich who feast and revel,
Civil war no distant day
May their splendid mansions level,
And their power prostrate lay.

Then hurra for agitation—
War and plunder be the cry,
Acts of timid legislation
Lofty spirits should defy.
Thanks to Grey and those who prais'd us
In St. Stephen's ancient hall,
From obscurity they rais'd us,
Soon to triumph in their fall.
Tories long have rul'd the nation,
Whigs have also had their day,
Now's our time for exaltation—
Radicals, rejoice—hurra ! ! !

SONG LXVIII.

INSCRIBED TO THE CONSERVATIVE LADIES OF DERRY,

Who, on the 18th of December, 1839, renewed the colours captured from the French invaders, in one of the skirmishes that occurred during the memorable siege.

AIR—"The Lass o' Gowrie."

HAIL to old Derry's daughters fair,
Who proudly in her glory share,
And now a part so nobly bear
In freedom's celebration!
The Colours by their hands renew'd,
Shall be with deep emotion view'd,
On this fam'd day which James subdued
And sav'd our faith and nation.

These Banners bright recal to mind
When ruthless foes—fierce bigots blind,
'Gainst Londonderry stout combin'd,
In thousands had collected;
And how her sons, a faithful band,
Rush'd forth and fought them on the Strand,
And from the French these trophies grand
Secured, and here erected.

Meantime, while battle rag'd around,
And famine dire destructive frown'd,
Here female fortitude was found
Triumphantly appearing;

Like Amazonian dames of old,
Through sights appalling to behold,
Undaunted stood these matrons bold,
The men to conflict cheering.

Babes yet unborn shall bless the day;
The 'Prentice Boys commenced the fray
And caus'd the foemen to give way,
With dauntless resolution.
The valour by these heroes shown,
Now all historians must own,
To Britain Great preserv'd her Throne
And glorious Constitution.

But human valour had in vain
The siege attempted to sustain,
And liberty and laws maintain,
When Derry was invaded,
Had not His hand who caus'd the waves
To prove the proud Egyptians' graves,
Discomfited Rome's cruel slaves,
And Protestants then aided.

The parents shall with pious care
Unto their children this declare,
And young and old in praise and pray'r
Their thanks to him will render;

Who when that hope had almost flown,
And seem'd our city overthrown,
His mighty power to save made known,
And prov'd our sires' defender.

SONG LXIX.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN 1840.

WRITTEN FOR THE RIBBON SOCIETIES OF IRELAND.

AIR—"Patrick's Day."

WE true sons of Erin at last can assemble,
And proudly our green and white banners display,
Parade forth in thousands, whilst Orangemen tremble,
And dread the approach of St. Patrick's Day.
Our Priests in the van, with their crosses before us,
In Dublin can march now as bold as in Rome,
And mild as the Pope does Victoria reign o'er us,
Whilst Melbourne and Normanby ever befriend us,
And from the attacks of the Tories defend us,
Though Roden had thought to make Ebrington end us,
And stop our processions on Patrick's Day.

The Mathewite medal a regeneration
Is causing from bleak Malin Head to Cape Clear,
And soon will make Erin become a great nation,
Relieved from the curse of both whiskey and beer.

Our secrets we then may impart to each other,
And all be united the cause to maintain;
Bound closely together each true Ribbon brother
Will stand by his chieftain, with courage elated,
And under a standard at Rome consecrated,
Retrieve, in one battle, the lands confiscated
By Cromwell, who hated St. Patrick's Day.

To root out the English and Scottish invaders,
Our ancestors battled in famed "Forty-one;"
Again with King James—but for want of good leaders,
Their prospects were blighted, their troops overthrown.
But now when eight millions our forces can number,
In one single night, should we valiantly rise,
And promptly the heretics rouse from their slumber,
We soon could subdue them—while England, divided,
No succour could send till their fate were decided,
The sceptre of Erin again would be guided
By some native Prince on St. Patrick's Day.

The Twelfth of July and Eighteenth of December,
Which here to the Protestants gave potent sway,
Their servile descendants no more dare remember,
Nor on them the Purple and Orange display.

Green now round the year is in fashion each season,
The badge for promotion to honour and place—
To wear Orange colours is reckoned high treason
By Ministers, (swayed by O'Connell's dictation,)
Who hate us, but dreading his fierce indignation,
Pass acts in our favour, through weak legislation,
That make us rejoice on St. Patrick's Day.

Soon placed in our hands will be each Corporation
The heretics hold in this evergreen land—
Our Mayors and our Sheriffs, with proud exultation,
To Chapel will march, and due homage command.
The Protestant Church then we'll quickly put under,
And give all her glebe-lands and tithes to our own,
The Union repeal, and the chain break asunder
That binds to Great Britain this old Irish nation,
Which should 'mong the kingdoms of earth take her station,
And not, as at present, in deep degradation,
In vassalage be on St. Patrick's Day.

*SONG LXX.

On the Belfast Protestant Petition, for conferring Political Power on Members of the Church of Rome, previous to the passing of the Emancipation Bill in 1829.

BY THE REV. JOHN GRAHAM.

AIR—"My lodging is on the cold ground."

BELIEVE me, if all the long list of demands
Which we plead for so fondly to-day,
Were granted to-morrow, and safe in our hands,
Without farther dispute or delay;
We would still, still demand, as we've hitherto done,
Let our governors grant what they will,
And, to found a proud Church and strong State of our own,
Exert ourselves manfully still.

Oh! it is not when bound up by Englishmen's laws,
In a chain that it grieves us to wear,
That our fervour and zeal for the old holy cause
Can e'er in its true light appear;
But dissolve once the spell, as is just, right, and fit,
Let unqualified rights be our own,
And soon shall an Orthodox Parliament sit,
To establish a Catholic Throne.

Then soon shall fair order from turbulence rise,
As night yields the sceptre to day;

And "The Church," rising loftily to the bright skies,
Shall chase ERROR and SCHISM away.
Then rejoice ye true sons of the "Emerald Isle,"
Nor think it unlikely or strange,
That heretics, blind, on our project should smile,
And petition themselves for the change.

*SONG LXXI.

On the Pillar erected on the Walls of Derry, to the Memory of Governor Walker, the foundation stone of which was laid on the 18th December, 1826.

BY THE REV. JOHN GRAHAM.

AIR—"Auld lang syne."

THE patriot deserves the meed
Of honour and renown,
And to the hero is decreed
The blooming laurel crown.
Though both should suffer, bleed, and die
To save a falling state,
They flourish in the memory
Of all that's good and great.
The sculptor's toil, the painter's oil,
The bard's immortal page,
The honour'd name will still proclaim
Through each revolving age.

And just it is that when for all
A few resolve to stand,

That whether they survive or fall
Their praise should fill the land.
The deeds of those at Troy who fell
Are fresh in fame to-day,
And Pompey's Pillar still can tell
How once his sword bore sway.
The sculptor's toil, &c.

Their Marlborough the Britons hold
In recollection dear,
Heroic Wallace, famed of old,
Still claims a Scottish tear.
The Græme who fell on Falkirk's plain
At Wallace's right hand,
And he at Killycrankie slain
Still high in honour stand.
The painter's toil, &c.

But none of those by Homer sung,
Or live on Livy's page,
Or e'er made theme for Minstrel's tongue
Through time, from age to age,
Can higher stand on rolls of fame,
Distinguished and renown'd,
Than stands George Walker's noble name,
With lasting laurels crown'd.
The sculptor's toil, &c.

Here Murray bold and Baker true,
And Mitchelburn, so brave,
Beneath their standard of true blue
Repell'd the royal slave ;
Here Cairnes, great in camp or court,
With Schomberg, valour's son,
Maintained in fight their maiden fort,
And martial trophies won.
The sculptor's toil, &c.

Then on the spot where bullets hot
Flew forth to make us free,
A pillar high shall seek the sky,
A monument to be ;
The sons of those who foil'd their foes
In bloody battle here,
Erect this pile to grace our isle,
And future ages cheer.
The sculptor's toil, &c.

SONG LXXII.

ON THE RETURN OF EDWARD LITTON, ESQ., FOR THE REPRESENTATION OF THE BOROUGH OF COLERAINE, IN 1837.

AIR—"Kitty of Coleraine."

WHEN with resolution the word dissolution,
Inspir'd the electors their rights to sustain,
Conservative Litton, a true-hearted Briton,
Directed his course to the town of Coleraine.
His manner endearing, kind-hearted and cheering,
When asking for votes in an eloquent strain,
The householders, steady, declar'd they were ready
To make him their choice for the town of Coleraine.

The ladies all listen'd, with joy their eyes glisten'd,
And cheer'd on the voters the conflict to gain,
For Litton, undaunted, who fearlessly vaunted,
That manly and true were the hearts of Coleraine.
Then round him they rallied, and to the poll sallied.
The mandate from London could not them restrain,
Maintaining their station, till with acclamation,
The man of their choice was return'd for Coleraine.

The great Alexander may home again wander—
He came here in thunder—he went off in rain;
By Gribben deluded, he vainly concluded
He would be elected M.P. for Coleraine.

Now freedom, ascendant, can smile independent,
For never shall factionists bind here again
The honest electors and loyal protectors
Of Queen, Church, and Crown in the town of Coleraine.

SONG LXXIII.

Occasioned by the Apprentice Boys of Derry tearing the green and white flag which the Bogside Ribbonmen attempted to carry in triumph through Derry on the day of the Queen's marriage, 10th February, 1840.

AIR—"Croppies lie down."

WHILE Chartists disloyal in England are found,
And Ribbonmen vile in green Erin abound,
Old Derry can boast of her 'Prentice Boys true,
Whose colours triumphant are Orange and Blue—
And here, where their ancestors fought for the Crown,
Determined they are to keep Ribbonmen down.
And down, down, traitors keep down.

In days long since gone, in the famed eighty-eight,
At Derry the troops of King James met defeat;
Again her stout yeomen, when rebels arose,
Were ready her freedom to guard from all foes;
And now the same spirit her sons can display,
And cause their assailants to run in dismay.
And down, down, traitors keep down.

On the day when Prince Albert espoused our Queen,
The "Bondsmen" came forth with their flag white and green,
To menace the Protestants was their design,
And up through the city they marched in a line;
But soon a few Williamites met them in fight,
Demolished their banner and put them to flight,
And down, down, their colours went down.

Then raising their old "No Surrender" bold cry,
They back to the Bogside compelled them to fly,
Repulsed from the ramparts, as often before
The cruel besiegers were routed of yore,
Array'd in defence of religion and Crown,
The French colour'd standard they promptly pull'd down.
So down, down, traitors keep down.

No more the green banner triumphant shall wave
In Derry, the place of the free and the brave.
The sons of the victors who conquer'd of old,
Together now banded will freedom uphold,
And faithful and true to the Protestant cause,
Resolv'd are to guard constitution and laws,
And down, down, keep rebels down.

SONG LXXIV.

THE O'CONNELL TRIBUTE.

A NEW VERSION OF THE ADDRESS OF THE SECRETARY TO THE O'CONNELL FUND, TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

AIR—"Garryowen."

COME, Irishmen grateful, once more hail the day,
That calls you together the tribute to pay
To Daniel O'Connell, that patriot bold,
Who still will be true while you give him the gold.
Wealth, titles, and honour for you he has gained,
And now in your cause that his coffers are drained,
Replenish them quickly, and that without fail,
Or you will be curs'd by Archbishop MacHale.
Then, Irishmen grateful, once more hail the day,
That calls you together the tribute to pay
To Daniel O'Connell, that patriot bold,
Who still will be true while you give him the gold.

Remember that Dan, by the aid of his tail,
Can make Lords John Russell and Melbourne to quail;
Were they to dispute his omnipotent sway
They could not their places retain for a day.
Then should you feel want for the rest of the year,
Support him with cash in his brilliant career;
By this you will keep the Conservatives down,
And raise Mother Church to her former renown.
Then, Irishmen grateful, &c.

What is it to you that the Highlanders starve,*
If Daniel has plenty of victuals to carve?
Should even your neighbours black misery share,
The great Liberator claims all you can spare.
And now that both he and his sons, one and all,
Depend on your bounty, it must not be small;
So double the tribute, exhibit your zeal
For raising your country aloft in the scale.
Then, Irishmen grateful, &c.

Remember how loudly the landlords he scolds,
And rails against tithes, which each Tory upholds;
Think, too, how he taught you the rectors to cheat,
By passive resistance, the law to defeat.
Though the sun of his glory in England has set,
Since there he encountered Sir Francis Burdett,
Yet show the proud Saxon, on each tribute day,
"The Man of the People" you'll cheerfully pay.
Then, Irishmen grateful, &c.

* In the summer of 1837, at the time this Song first appeared in the *Derry Sentinel*, a severe famine existed in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, and great exertions were made in this country to raise funds for their relief. Circulars were issued by the Committee of the O'Connell compensation fund, at the same period, earnestly soliciting the rent for the great mendicant.

*SONG LXXV.

THE CRIMSON BANNER.

AIR—"Boyne Water."

BEHOLD the crimson banner float
O'er yonder turrets hoary;
It tells of days of mighty note,
And Derry's deathless glory;
When her brave sons undaunted stood,
Embattled to defend her,
Indignant stemm'd oppression's flood,
And sung out "No Surrender!"

Old Derry's Walls were firm and strong,
Well fenc'd in every quarter—
Each frowning bastion, grim along,
With culverin and mortar;
But Derry had a surer guard
Than all that art could lend her,
Her 'Prentice hearts, the Gates who barr'd,
And sung out "No Surrender!"

On came the foe, in bigot ire,
And fierce the assault was given,
By shot and shell, 'mid streams of fire,
Her fated roofs were riven;

But baffled was the tyrant's wrath,
And vain his hope to bend her,
For still 'mid famine, fire, and death,
She sung out "No Surrender!"

Again, when treason madden'd round,
And rebel hoards were swarming,
Were Derry's sons the foremost found,
For King and Country arming;
Forth, forth, they rush'd, at honour's call,
From age to boyhood tender,
Again to man their virgin Wall,
And sing out "No Surrender!"

Long may the crimson banner wave,
A meteor streaming airy,
Portentous of the free and brave,
Who man the Walls of Derry;
And Derry's sons alike defy
Pope, Traitor, or Pretender,
And peal to Heaven their 'Prentice cry,
Their patriot—"No Surrender!"

SONG LXXVI.

ADDRESSED TO THE PROTESTANTS OF IRELAND.

AIR—"God save the Queen."

PROTESTANTS, free from guile,
Guardians of Erin's Isle,
Loyal and true;
Let nought your hearts divide,
From that Almighty guide,
Who through the foaming tide
Led Israel's few.

Pharaoh and all his train
Could not that band detain,
On that great day;
And through the gloom of night,
A flaming pillar bright,
Giving heart-cheering light,
Mark'd out their way.

Pharaoh pursued them there,
Haughty and proud his air,
Strong was his host;
Chariots and horses fine,
Brightly in trappings shine,
But by the arm divine,
All soon were lost.

So shall it ever be
With each vain enemy
That may arise,
To resist Heaven's will;
Vengeance awaits him still;
God, from his holy hill,
Rules earth and skies.

Thus, too, in future days,
Heaven again will raise
An awful band;
Nations, with one accord,
May all unsheath the sword,
But his unerring word
Ever shall stand.

SONG LXXVII.

WRITTEN FOR THE TYRONE CONSERVATIVE FESTIVAL, WHICH TOOK PLACE IN OMAGH ON THE 5TH OF JANUARY, 1837.

AIR—"Maggy Lauder."

CONSERVATIVES of fair Tyrone,
Come let us now assemble,
To shield the Altar and the Throne,
And make base bigots tremble;
The "bondsmen" host, although they boast,
And of their millions prattle,
Yet should we be but one to three,
We dread them not in battle.

Shall we, the sons of Britons bold,
Submit to degradation,
Whose fathers, by the sword, of old
Subdued this Irish nation?
No—for the cause of Crown and laws,
Resisting revolution,
We'll forward stand, a faithful band,
With dauntless resolution.

O'Connell labours to excite
And rouse his minions, savage,
Against the Protestants to fight,
And fertile Erin ravage;
But should he dare for war declare,
And Priests become crusaders,
They one and all shall, slaughter'd, fall,
Or hang like former leaders.

When rebels vile, in this green isle,
'Gainst British sway conspir'd,
In days long past, Tyrone stood fast,
By loyal ardour fired.
All Ulster wide, with manly pride,
Can bid the foe defiance,
Her freemen brave to "Rome's mean slave"
Will never yield compliance.

*SONG LXXVIII.

ON THE RELIEF OF LONDONDERRY.

BY THE REV. JOHN GRAHAM.

AIR—"Erin go Bragh."

O'ER proud Londonderry "the Red Flag is waving,
The old badge of Freedom gay floats on the breeze,"
And far down the Foyle banks the joy-note is raving,
While the loud shout's returned from the hills and the seas;
Grown dear, doubly dear, when proud foemen revile us,
And with foul imputation attempt to defile us,
And Monks, Whigs, and "Bondsmen," combine to beguile us
Of the rights and the freedom our ancestors won.

We hail this bright day, to our comfort returning,
Which our Fathers relieved in the depth of their wo,
When the trenches abandoned, their tents quickly burning,
From these Walls fled, abashed and confounded, the foe.
Melodious the bells in our high steeple ringing,
Their tribute of joy to our festival bringing,
Swell the deep sounding chorus of thousands, all singing
Our song to "the Memory of William the Great."

The deeds once displayed here, and often related,
In Fancy's fair vision recur to our sight;
Here Walker harangued, David Cairnes debated,
And Murray, great Murray, rushed forth to the fight:
On that field near the strand, where, all calm and unheeding,
The herds tend their flocks, on the green herbage feeding,
Pusignian the valiant lay wounded and bleeding,
And gallant Maumont felt the cold hand of death.

Oh, shades of our Sires! in the Ides of December
Your contest for Liberty sacred began;
And your triumph in August our sons will remember,
While valour and truth shall be valued by man;
The bigot may stare—the Jacobin wonder,
The rebel with malice and rage burst asunder,
But to-day shall our fortress resound with the thunder,
That called forth a Brunswick to rule on our throne.

SONG LXXIX.

ON THE PRESENT POSTURE OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

AIR—"The Wounded Hussar."

THE glory of England, (the greatest o nations,)
Her strength and dominion, seem passing away;
Her statesmen, by yielding to Rome's innovations,
Have placed in her bosom the seeds of decay.

Throughout the wide world rever'd was her name,
While Protestant rights were upheld by her laws;
No more can she now a pre-eminence claim,
Or win by her councils the meed of applause.

In Erin O'Connell, with fierce resolution,
Harangues for Repeal, while the Priests round him stand,
Exciting the Popesmen to wild revolution,
The kingdom to rend, and with blood drench the land.
The Viceroy, meanwhile, who should govern our Isle,
Permits vile sedition uncheck'd to extend—
Then, Protestants true, it devolves upon you
Your country, the Altar, and Throne to defend.

Should France with invasion our peaceful shores threaten,
And Rebels arise, as in dark Ninety-eight,
The Gauls by our bold British tars would be beaten,
And Protestant valour would treason defeat.
Fair liberty here we too deeply revere,
To let Rome once more an ascendancy gain;
Her deeds in the day she in Britain held sway,
Foreshadow the blood that would flow in her reign.

NOTES.

SONG 1.—STANZA I.—LINE 1.—"*Enniskillen.*"

This town being the chief fort between the provinces of Connaught and Ulster, has always been of great consequence in time of war; and, since its plantation, with the whole of the County of Fermanagh, with English families, has proved one of the strongest holds of Protestantism and loyalty in Ireland.

STANZA VI.—LINE 1.

Gustavus Hamilton was Governor of Enniskillen in 1689. He commanded a regiment of the Enniskillen infantry at the battle of Aughrim.

LINE 3.—"*Creighton.*"

David Creighton, Esq., son of Colonel John Creighton, (who distinguished himself at the head of his regiment in the battle of Aughrim,) being at this time but eighteen years old, acquired great military reputation by his defence of the family seat, Crom Castle, against an army of six thousand men, he having in it a very inferior force, consisting of his father's servants, tenants, and Protestant neighbours. The loss of the besiegers was very great, and when they drew off, Creighton sallied out after them and put them between two fires, his own and that of the Enniskilleners, who promptly availed themselves of the predicament in which his gallantry had placed the terrified Irish army. The result was the total rout of the latter, with great slaughter, on their attempt to cross an arm of Lough Erne, near Crom Castle, which has since been called the BLOODY PASS.—This gallant gentleman rose afterwards to the rank of Major-General in the army, and became Governor of the Royal Hospital of Kilmainham. He died on the 1st of June, 1728. He was grandson of Dr. Spotswood, Bishop of Clogher, and great grandson of Sir Gerard Irvine, of Castle Irvine, in the County of Fermanagh. His son Abraham succeeded to his estates, and was created Baron Erne, of Crom Castle, on the 27th of June, 1768.

"*Wolseley.*"

Colonel William Wolseley commanded a regiment of horse at this time in Enniskillen—he had been sent there by Major-General Kirk.

He distinguished himself highly at the battle of Newtownbutler, or of Lisnaskea, as it has been also called, on the 28th of July, 1689. In no part of Ireland, says Harris, (in his Life of King William, page 220,) except on the plains of Aughrim, did the Irish army suffer so great slaughter in these wars as they did between these two towns on this day.

Colonel Wolseley continued his services during the whole of this war. On the 29th of November, in the year 1689, he and his regiment defeated Lord Antrim's regiment of foot, on its way to attack the town of Newry. About thirty of the redshanks (as they were called) were killed in this skirmish, and seventeen taken prisoners. In a short time afterwards, this gallant officer, with a body of the Enniskilleners, took the town of Belturbet, and he subsequently drove Colonel O'Reilly and a regiment of Irish foot out of Cavan, taking possession of the town for King William. At the battle of the Boyne the Enniskilleners contributed much to the success of King William; their infantry, with some Dutch footmen, cut a great body of the Irish army in pieces there, at a very critical period of the battle, at the village called Oldbridge, where the former had nearly overpowered a French regiment of foot.

After King William crossed the Boyne, the enemy in front of him being double the number of the army he led against them, he found his cavalry in a few minutes repulsed by the Irish, who had halted and rallied after a precipitate retreat. In this predicament he saw the Enniskilleners near him, and asked them, *what they would do for him?* They promptly advanced, with the King at their head, and after recovering from a mistake they made in following their royal leader, who had turned from them to head some Dutch troops that were coming towards them, they went on successfully to the charge, and soon forced the enemy to give way. James Graham, of Mullaghbrady, in the county of Fermanagh, was Cornet in the Enniskillen Dragoons at this time.

STANZA VI.—LINE 4.—"*Lloyd.*"

Thomas Lloyd, ancestor of Owen Lloyd, of Meera, near Carrick-on-Shannon. He was Colonel of one of the regiments of horse sent by General Kirk to defend Enniskillen at this time. This family, for a century, frequently intermarried with that of the Sligo and Roscommon branch of the Hart family.

LINE 5.—"*Stone.*"

Charles Stone, Major of one of Kirk's regiments of horse. Of

this family was the late Captain Stone, Paymaster of the Londonderry Militia, and Guy Stone, Esq., of the County of Down.

"*Cooper.*"

George Cooper, the 118th person who signed the address to King William and Queen Mary, at Enniskillen, on the 7th of August, 1689.

"*Berry.*"

William Berry, Lieutenant-Colonel of a regiment of horse, the hero of Lisnaskea. His worthy namesake, Dr. Berry, late District Master of the Londonderry Orangemen, resided lately at Killeshandra, in the vicinity of the scene of the Enniskilleners' heroism.

"*Smith.*"

William Smith, a leading man in Enniskillen at this time. His name stands the fifth on the list of those who signed the address to King William, in 1689.

"*Gore.*"

William Gore. The author has not been able to ascertain more of this gentleman than his signature being annexed to the foregoing address. In this commercial country—this nation of shopkeepers—it is no dishonour to the noble family of Gore, nine of whom once sat at the same time in the Irish Parliament, to say that they were all descended from a tailor who lived in London, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who divided the County of Donegal, on its being forfeited by the O'Donnells, between four English families, namely, Gores, Wrays, Sampsons, and Brookes. Murray, of Broughton, came in for a great portion of this County in the subsequent reign of James the First, when the Scottish plantations were established in it and in the other eight forfeited counties of Ulster.

"*Galbraith.*"

Hugh Galbraith. His family was at this time, and for a long period before it, possessed of great estates in the Counties of Armagh, Tyrone, Derry, and Donegal, and from them are descended, in the female line, Lord Belmore's family, with the Lourys, of Ahenis, and the Sinclairs, of Holy-hill, in the County of Tyrone. The Rev. Jas. Sinclair, Rector of Leckpatrick, near Strabane, whose daughter married Robert Loury, of Ahenis, in 1661, was the second son of Sir James Sinclair, of Caithness. Mr. Sinclair's wife was Anne, daughter of James Galbraith, Esq., Member of Parliament for the borough

of St. Johnston, in the County of Donegal. This family of Galbraith has been long extinct in the male line.

"*Vaughan.*"

Robert Vaughan, one of the subscribers to the address to King William.

STANZA VIII.—LINE 1.—"*Lord Galmoy.*"

For an account of this man's unparalleled brutality in the murder of Archdeacon Dixy's son, and the slaughter of the Protestants of Belnahatty—*See the History of the Siege of Derry and Defence of Enniskillen.*

STANZA IX.—LINE 1.—"*Ballyshannon.*"

This town is situated in the County of Donegal, a short distance from the sea, and lies about twenty-one miles West North-West of Enniskillen, at the extremity of Lough Erne, over which, at the East end of the town, there is a substantial stone bridge. The Protestants had a garrison here, of which Captain Elliott had the command.—This place was threatened by a strong body of the Irish, who approached it from the Sligo direction, under the leadership of one MacDonagh, a barrister-at-law. The Governor of Enniskillen, on being apprised of the circumstance, sent Lieutenant Colonel Lloyd, with twelve companies of foot and a few troops of horse, to its relief; and on the 8th of May, 1689, they met and defeated the enemy at Belleek, a village in the County of Fermanagh, three miles nearer to Enniskillen than Ballyshannon. The Enniskilleners in this engagement (the first in which they encountered their foes in the field with horse and foot) did not lose a man, while the troops opposed to them, whom they completely routed and dispersed, had 120 killed, and their Captain and 60 more of their number taken prisoners.—*See Hamilton's Actions of the Enniskilleners.*

STANZA XIV.—LINE 2.—"*M'Carty.*"

In the month of July, 1689, a powerful and well appointed army was led from Munster by Justin M'Carty, who had, on the preceding 23d of May, been created Viscount Mountcashel and Baron of Castlehench. When his army joined that of Cohonaght MacGuire, they formed a force amounting to seven thousand men—their defeat by the Enniskilleners, in the valley of Maguire's bridge, Lisnaskea, and Newtonbutler, laid the foundation of the victories of King William's armies at Derry, Boyne, and Aughrim. The details of this memorable action are too well known to require a recapitulation of them in Notes, which must necessarily be brief.—*Ibid.*

STANZA XVIII.—LINE 4.—"*Hamilton.*"

Colonel Anthony Hamilton, second in command under M'Carty in the battle of Lisnaskea. The Hamiltons were high in command on both sides in these memorable times. Colonel Richard Hamilton was second in command to Rosen in the army besieging Derry, and Lord Strabane, an adherent of James, came with Archdeacon Hamilton to the gates of that City, to demand or advise a surrender of it to the tyrant. Colonel John Hamilton lost his life in James's service at the battle of Aughrim. Who this Anthony Hamilton was, the author of these Notes has not been able to ascertain. On King William's side, were Captain James Hamilton, who, although he was nephew of General Richard Hamilton, one of the officers besieging Derry, was a zealous defender of that City, and one who was entrusted by King William with a considerable sum of money to defray the expenses of it. He became afterwards Earl of Abercorn. Major Gustavus Hamilton, the youngest son of Sir Frederick Hamilton, by Sidney, daughter of Sir John Vaughan, Governor of Londonderry, was a distinguished defender of Coleraine in 1689, against the army of Major-General Richard Hamilton on its approach towards Derry, by which defence he covered the Maiden City until all the necessary arms, ammunition, provisions, and troops necessary for its security were thrown into it. He headed a regiment at the battle of the Boyne, where, having his horse shot under him, he narrowly escaped death. He waded the Shannon at Athlone, at the head of the grenadiers who stormed that town a few days before the battle of Aughrim, and was engaged in all the battles fought afterwards by General Ginckle for the reduction of Ireland.

STANZA XX.—"*Armstrong.*"

Captain Martin Armstrong, with a troop of cavalry, which he commanded, did great execution on Lord Clare's yellow dragoons in their precipitate flight from Lisnaskea on the day of Lord Mountcashel's defeat there. He was one of the many borderers who, with the Elliots, Grahams, and Fosters, were settled on and about the lands of Lord Dacre, near Clones, in 1609, after they had been forfeited by the rebellion of the MacMahons.

STANZA XXII.—LINE 1.—"*Smith's sharp sword.*"

In the action at Lisnaskea a very remarkable stroke was given by Captain William Smith, who, with a keen, well-tempered sword, and a good will, cut off the upper part of a man's head just under the hat—as much as lay within the hat and all the brains being striken

quite away from the other part of the skull, and not even a bit of skull left to keep them together.—*Harris's Life of King William, page* 225.

STANZA XXIII.—"*Wilson.*"

One instance of bravery of a private man in this action, attested by eye-witnesses, perhaps not inferior to any in Greek or Roman story, ought not to be passed over in silence. John Wilson, a foot soldier, in the general slaughter of his companions, stood the shock of several troopers, when the Duke of Berwick's troops, with himself at their head, set fire to the house of James Corry, Esq., at Castle Coole, near Enniskillen. The Irish dragoons were hewing at him with their swords, some of them he stabbed with his bayonet, others he knocked down with his musquet, and when from pain and loss of blood, his firelock dropped from his hands, he leaped up at his murderers, tore down some of them and threw them under their horses' feet. At length, oppressed by twelve desperate wounds, one of which was quite across his face, so that his nose and cheeks hung over his chin, he sunk down in a shrubby bush. While he was bleeding in this sad condition, a brutal serjeant of these Popish dragoons darted his halbert at poor Wilson with such fury, that he struck it through his thigh, and could not draw it out again. Wilson, roused as if from death, made his last effort, tore the halbert out of his thigh, and collecting his whole strength, darted it through the heart of his enemy. There is no scene in Homer's Iliad to be compared to this. By the assistance of the halbert this gallant fellow dragged his mangled limbs to Enniskillen, where he was wonderfully cured, and lived for thirty years.—*Harris, page* 222.

STANZA XXIV.—LINES 1 and 2.—"*Ensign Bell,*" *with* "*Captain Robert Corry.*"

They were killed with about twenty private soldiers at the battle of Lisnaskea, and were the only loss the Enniskilleners sustained on that day.

LINE 4.—"*Murray.*"

Colonel Adam Murray, descended from the ancient house of Philiphaugh, in Scotland, was the son of Gideon Murray, Esq., of Ling, in the County of Londonderry, who came into Ireland in the year 1648. The actions of this celebrated defender of the Maiden City are detailed in Graham's History of the Siege, to which, for information respecting his deeds, and those of his glorious companions in arms in 1689, the reader is referred. Colonel Murray died in the year 1700, and his remains were interred near those of Governor Mitchel-

burne, in the old churchyard of Glendermot. The decayed tombs of both these heroes have lately been replaced by splendid Monuments, erected by order of the Hon. the Irish Society. The inscriptions on the tablets raised to their memory, give a brief record of their admirable conduct in defence of civil and religious liberty in 1689. In the meantime the grave of David Cairnes, the agent of this Society in 1689, the distinguished defender of it in time of need, and its talented Recorder and faithful Representative in Parliament for thirty years, has been violated, part of his bones thrown out of it, and his tomb-stone broken. There is, at present, a memorial to the Society in progress of signature, praying that, as suggested by Charlotte Elizabeth in her "Glimpses of the Past," a tablet should be erected in the Cathedral to the memory of this Christian hero.

STANZA XXV.—LINE 4.

Captain George Cooper gave quarter at the battle of Lisnaskea to Lord Mountcashel, after that unfortunate commander's horse had been shot under him, and a musquet had been clubbed to knock out his brains.

STANZA XXVIII.—LINE 1.—"*Dixy.*"

Pierce Butler, the infamous Lord Galmoy, on his march with an army of about 2,600 horse and foot towards Enniskillen, took this brave youth, Captain Woolston Dixy, (son of the Archdeacon of Kilmore,) and his Cornet, Edward Charleton, prisoners, in the county of Cavan. After Galmoy had been compelled to raise the siege of Crom Castle in which Captain Creighton had a prisoner, one Bryan MacConnogher MacGuire, an Irish captain, Galmoy proposed an exchange between him and Dixy, which Captain Creighton agreeing to, sent MacGuire to him; but that perfidious wretch, unworthy to be called a man, much less a lord, having got back MacGuire, offered Dixy and Charleton the alternative of turning Papists or suffering death. They magnanimously chose the latter—MacGuire interceded for them in vain—they were both hanged in Belturbet on a sign post. Galmoy ordered their heads to be cut off, and when this was done he gave them to the soldiers to be kicked through the streets as footballs; after which, their heads were, by his brutal orders, set upon the market-house of that town to remain a spectacle of his dishonour and their constancy.—*Harris's Life of King William, paye* 215.

MacGuire shewed his abhorrence of Galmoy's diabolical breach of faith on this occasion, and was so much disgusted at it, that he retired to Crom Castle, threw up his commission, and would serve no longer against King William.—*Ibid.*

"*Hassard.*"

Jason Hassard was the thirty-second of the defenders of Enniskillen who signed the address to King William and Queen Mary in 1689. He was ancestor of Captain Hassard of the 74th regiment, and a highly respectable family still in the County of Fermanagh.

"*Slack.*"

William Slack, the twentieth who signed the above-mentioned address.

"*White.*"

Thomas White, ancestor of the gallant Redhill's family, so lately insulted by our Popish governors in the withdrawal of a yeomanry commission. His signature is the tenth of the addressers of King William and Queen Mary.

LINE 2.—"*Cathcart.*"

Allan Cathcart—another of these heroes.

"*Ross.*"

William Ross.—*See the History of the Siege of Derry and Defence of Enniskillen, page* 264.

"*Taylor.*"

Richard Taylor.—See as above, and the same reference may be given for James Mitchel and Bartholomew Gibson.

LINE 5.—"*Hudson.*"

Daniel Hudson, Esq. of St. John's, in the County of Roscommon, ancestor of Dr. William Hudson, the uncle of Oliver Goldsmith, and of Mrs. Denniston, late of Cocksheath, in the county of Donegal.

"*Hart.*"

Thomas Hart, whose signature is the second to the address to King William. The Governor of Culmore fort, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, had two brothers; one of them settled in the county of Roscommon, and was the ancestor of the defender of Enniskillen, and of a family of which Andrew Hart, of Newtown, in the barony of Rathcline, and County of Longford, was the last male survivor, if his brother Thomas, who went to America in 1740, has left no issue. From the Limerick branch of the family were descended the late Sir Richard Harte and the family of Coolrus—the latter family retains the final *e*, which the two former had long disused. Morgan Hart, also of the Roscommon branch of this family, was the sixth of the

146 Enniskilleners who signed the Address to King William and Queen Mary, on the 7th of August, 1689.

STANZA XXIX.—LINE 1.—"*Irvine.*"

William Irvine was the sixteenth person who signed the above-mentioned address. The family, that of Castle Irvine, has been long distinguished in Fermanagh, for genuine attachment to the cause of the Crown and altar of the realm. For a curious account of the escape of Sir Gerard Irvine from the gaol of Derry, when the city was in possession of Sir Charles Coote and the army of the Commonwealth, see Swift's Life of Captain Creighton, or Graham's Annals of Ireland, from 1535 to 1657.

"*Cosbie.*"

Captain Arnold Cosbie, with Captain Francis Gore, on the 4th of June, 1689, with their troops of horse, three in number, and two companies of foot, then quartered in Kilskerry, marched about sunset from Trillick, where they had been stationed in a house belonging to Captain Mervyn; they went towards Omagh in the course of the night, from whence they returned next morning with 160 good troop horses, with nearly as many of a smaller kind, and also with 300 cows. The Irish fort at Omagh was only preserved by a timely notice of the approach of this body, if not by their desire to secure their rich plunder in Enniskillen.—*See Harris, p.* 219.

"*King.*"

F. King, one of those who signed the Enniskillen address in 1689.

"*Wood.*"

Edward Wood, ancestor of Messrs. John, George, and Thomas Wood, of Enniskillen, and of Mr. David Wood, of Ballyshannon, still distinguished supporters of the Protestant cause. Mr. John Wood was for several years Master of Orange Lodge 624, and had the honour of including among the members of his Lodge, the Most Noble the Marquis of Ely.

"*Graham.*"

Cornet James Graham, of Mullinahinch, near Clones, whose wife was Eleanor Lyttle, of Brookborough, by whom he had two sons; the eldest, James, a Lieutenant of the Fermanagh Militia, in 1742, who married Anne, daughter of John Cross, of Dartan, in the County of Armagh, Esq., a defender of Londonderry, in 1689—his son was James Graham, of Ballymahon, in the County of Longford, Esq., who married Anne, eldest daughter of Mr. Andrew Hart, of Newton,

in the Callaghs of that County, by whom he was the father of the Rev. John Graham, Rector of Magilligan, and of the late Captain Richard Graham, of the 37th regiment of foot, and Mr. Andrew Graham, of Ballymahon.

LINE 2.

For Hugh Blair, and William and John Brownrigg, see as above.

LINE 5.—"*Johnstone.*"

James, Robert, Henry, Thomas, William, and Robert Johnston, junior, were distinguished defenders of Enniskillen in 1689. From one of them was descended the late worthy Clerk of the Crown for North West Circuit, and a family of high respectability in Fermanagh.

"*Shore.*"

Thomas Shore, ancestor of the family of that name, long settled at Rathmore, in the County of Longford, once the proprietors of a large estate, and owners of a Borough in the County of Meath, and still possessed of a good property.

"*Wynn.*"

James Wynn, Captain of Colonel Stewart's dragoons, to the command of which he succeeded after his arrival in Enniskillen.

"*Moore.*"

Robert Moore, the twelfth who signed the Enniskillen address to King William and Queen Mary.

For Ninian Scott, Matthew Webster, Daniel Trench, and George Dury, *see Hamilton's Actions of the Enniskilleners*, as also for John Dane, the latter ancestor of a highly respectable family still resident near Enniskillen.

STANZA XXX.

George Russell, John Price, William Ball, William Parsons, Thomas Hughes, Joseph Hall, Thomas Osborne, Marcus Buchanan, William Birney, Claudius Bailly, Thomas Young, Laurence Crow, Hercules Ellis, Joseph Woodward, Robert Clark, Robert Wear, Edward Crosbie, Joseph Crozier, and Andrew Montgomery. These form part of the 146 Enniskilleners, who signed the address to King William and Queen Mary.—*See the Rev. Andrew Hamilton's account of the Actions of the Enniskilleners.*

Hercules Ellis, of Innisrush, in the county of Londonderry, is descended from his namesake mentioned here, and from the renowned Colonel Murray, of Derry.

LINE 1.—"*Frith.*"

William Frith, ancestor of the late Colonel Frith and of Thomas John Quinton, late High Sheriff of the City of Dublin; also, of the Quintons of Enniskillen.

"*Lindsay.*"

Matthew Lindsay, ancestor of the Lindsays of Fintona, Derry, Belfast, and Dublin.

LINE 3.—"*Bedell.*"

Ambrose Bedell, son of the renowned Bishop of Kilmore, Dr. Wm. Bedell, and brother of the Rev. William Bedell, who succeeded to the Prebend of Kilrush, in the county of Clare, in 1670. From this truly primitive Bishop are descended, by the maternal side, Bedell Stanford, Esq., of the county of Cavan, and Master Bedell Scott, son of the Rev. George Scott, Rector of Balteagh, in the county of Londonderry.

STANZA XXXI.—LINE 5.—"*Montgomery.*"

Hugh Montgomery, second Earl of Mount-Alexander.—Few families in the West of Europe are more ancient than that of the chivalrous Montgomery of France, England, Scotland, and Ireland. This nobleman was born on the 24th of Feb. 1650, the eldest son of the third Viscount and first Earl of Mount-Alexander, by Mary, eldest sister of the first Earl of Drogheda. Being in London in the year 1686, and perceiving the designs of the Crown against the Protestants of Ireland, he returned to this country, and, foreseeing the rupture which soon afterwards broke out between King James and his Protestant subjects, he sold a troop of horse which he had obtained from the Earl of Essex a few years before, and retired to his seat at Mount-Alexander in the County of Down. Hoping in vain to live unmolested there, and remain, in despair of being useful, consistently with his honour as a sworn subject to an intolerable tyrant, unconcerned in public affairs, and thinking, as many may now do under circumstances too nearly similar, that

> "When vice prevails and wicked men bear sway,
> The post of honour is a private station."

But from this resolve he was driven, like others, by a letter, dated on the 3d of December, directed to him, and dropped at Cumber, advising him to look to his house and to his person, both of which were likely to be soon attacked; upon this, he joined an Association of the Protestants of Ulster for their mutual defence; and those of the County of Down chose him Colonel of their regiment of horse, in

which station he was very active to oppose the army sent by James into the North, under General Hamilton.

After the victory of the Boyne, he was made a Privy Councillor, Governor of the County of Down, a Master of the Ordnance, and a Brigadier-General. He was three times sworn one of the Lords Justices, and died at Mount-Alexander, without issue, on the 12th of February, 1716. "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

Sir James Montgomery, of Ballylepanan, in the County of Down, was, in 1639, returned Member of Parliament for that county. On the breaking out of the rebellion in 1641, he raised a regiment of foot and a troop of horse, with which he protected the Barony of Lecale for fifteen months, against the whole body of the Irish rebels.

His grand-daughter, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Archibald Edmundston, Laird of Duntra, in the County of Down, married Francis Mansfield, of Mount-Hall, by whom she was the mother of Ralph Mansfield, Esq., of that place, ancestor of the Mansfields of Killygordon and Castlewray, in the County of Donegal.

The writer of this Note has not been able to ascertain to what family of the Montgomerys, Alexander and Hugh, who signed the Enniskillen Address to King William and Queen Mary, belonged, or who are their descendants at the present day.

SONG VII.—STANZA 3.—LINE 7—"*Bonner.*"

This violent persecutor of the Protestants was Bishop of London, in the reign of Queen Mary, who ascended the throne of England in the year 1553. Of all the enemies of the cause of Gospel truth who exhibited their sanguinary zeal against the reformers in these diastrous days, Bonner, and Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, were the most conspicuous. During the five years and four months which this bigoted and cruel Princess reigned, it is computed that 277 persons suffered martyrdom by fire. Among these, were Archbishop Cranmer, and four other Bishops, namely, Latimer, Ridley, Hooper, and Farrar. The remainder are classified thus—21 clergymen, 8 lay gentlemen, 84 tradesmen, 100 husbandmen, 55 women, and 5 children. —*See any authentic History of England.*

STANZA IV.—LINE 2.—"*The dreadful days of Forty-one.*"

The Irish massacre referred to here, commenced on the 23d of October, 1641, the feast of Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuits. The conspirators had laid their plans for a general rising, but the metropolis fortunately escaped in consequence of timely information communicated to the Lords Justices by a man named Owen O'Conolly.

To attempt to give anything like a detail of this bloody persecution against the Protestants, in the limits of a note, cannot be expected; but as historians in general ascribe it to the Jesuits, Priests, and Friars, a brief outline respecting it will serve to illustrate the spirit of Popery at that period. We find it then on record, that the Priests and Friars instigated the people to execute the infernal business, by everywhere declaring that the Protestants were heretics, *and ought not to be suffered to live;* and that it was no more sin to kill an *Englishman, than a dog;* and that the relieving or protecting the intended victims thus denounced, was *a crime of the most unpardonable nature.* The cruelty and treachery of these fiends in human shape was unparalleled. Thus, at Longford, when the Protestants surrendered the town and castle, on condition of being allowed quarter, a *Priest,* who was at the head of the besiegers, gave the signal to his followers to put them all to death, setting them an example by first *ripping open the body of the Protestant Minister,* and immediately after, they were butchered accordingly. The White Friars treated the garrison of Sligo in the same way, instigating one O'Connor Slygah, a leader of the insurgents, to murder them, which was promptly done, either by stabbing, knocking them on the head with axes, or precipitating them over the bridge into the river. It is said that these Friars afterwards went in solemn procession with *holy water* in their hands, for the purpose of sprinkling the river, in order to cleanse it from the pollution of the blood of the heretics, who had been so inhumanly slaughtered, and their bodies thrown into it. In many places the Protestants were forced into the sea, or into deep rivers, where they perished; those who met death in this manner being mildly dealt with, when compared with the tortures inflicted on others. In many parts of the country they were collected together, and driven, men, women, and children, (sometimes to the number of 100 and upwards,) into houses, which were set fire to, and the inmates kept in till they were destroyed by the flames. Several persons were tied to horses' tails, after which the riders would start off the horses at a gallop, and drag the poor sufferers in this manner till life became extinct. Others had their flesh lacerated by their tormentors, and were then torn by dogs. Many were hung on lofty gibbets, under which fires were kindled, so that they perished partly by hanging and partly by burning. The manner in which the women were in many places put to death, was too shocking to be here narrated; but in this indiscriminate slaughter, neither age nor sex was spared. Upwards of 1,000 men, women, and children, were drowned at Portadown-bridge, in the county of Armagh, and 4,000 more pe-

rished by drowning in the adjoining counties of Tyrone and Derry. 954 Protestants, in the county of Antrim, were murdered in one morning. The Cathedral of Armagh was at this time burnt to the ground, and so were all the Protestants' houses in and around that city, and all the churches in the county of Derry, except those in the city. During this exterminating warfare, the Scotch settlers suffered equally with the English, the object of the Papists being to extirpate the Protestants of every denomination out of Ireland; and so far did they succeed, that, on the lowest calculation, 40,000 are supposed to have perished, while some historians estimate the number to have exceeded 200,000. For some details of this bloody massacre, *see Fox's Book of Martyrs, Sir John Temple's History of this Rebellion, Hume's History of England, Leland's History of Ireland, and Graham's Annals of Irish Popery.*

Song IX.—Stanza II.—Lines 5 and 6.

"The teacher of truth to his mansion returning,
Meets bigots with thirst for his blood fiercely burning."

The assassination of the Rev. Irwin Whitty, of Golden, in the county of Tipperary, who was murdered a short distance from his own house, on the evening of the 25th of January, 1832, too fearfully illustrates the lines here quoted. This Church of England Clergyman had resided in the parish for 16 years, during which time his conduct was most exemplary, being remarkable for his liberality according to his means, distributing cheerfully to the poor around him, without any distinction of creed. He was, however, killed near his own dwelling, his skull being literally broken by stones when on his return from visiting a sick parishioner, and while accompanied by a *Roman Catholic neighbour, into whose house* he had gone to rest his wearied limbs. This man and his servant were supposed to be the perpetrators of the horrid act—the former the plotter, and the latter the executor of the bloody deed. They were accordingly tried for the murder, but the intimidation of witnesses was so complete as to render an acquittal unavoidable. The principal witness, on being interrogated by the Judge as to the cause of his silence, answered in these memorable words—"*Must I be shot, my Lord.*" The acquittal of the murderers of this pious Christian Minister was celebrated by the *illumination of the houses of his Roman Catholic parishioners; and the surrounding hills blazed with bonfires!* See the newspapers of the time referred to.

Stanza III.—Line 5.

"Pikes with blood reeking, and fierce midnight blazes."

In a preceding note, a few brief details of the cruelties exercised by the Papists towards the Protestants during the rebellion of 1641 have been given; and if we read the history of 1688 and 1689, we find the same sanguinary disposition evinced by these people, whenever they had an opportunity of exercising it. Let us now come down to a later period, and take a cursory glance at the last rebellion in 1798, and we will find the votaries of Popery exhibiting an equally cruel spirit, fully demonstrating, as stated by the expounders of its tenets, that the system is both *unchanged and unchangeable.* To elucidate this, it is only necessary to allude to the massacres of the Protestants in the hands of the rebels, at Scullabogue barn, Enniscorthy, Vinegar Hill, and Wexford Bridge. On the morning after the battle of Ross, where the rebels suffered a severe defeat, one of them who had fled from the battle, came galloping to Scullabogue house, where 300 insurgents were guarding a number of Protestants, and when within hearing, he shouted "destroy the prisoners, destroy the prisoners, our friends are all cut off at Ross." This, John Murphy, Captain of the rebel guard, said should not be done without written orders from the General, and gave the same answer to a second express; but about ten o'clock, a third express came running on foot, crying "*the Priest has sent orders to put all the prisoners to death.*" Immediately after this, the rebel guard stripped off their coats, and prepared for the work of slaughter as deliberately as if going to their daily employment. After saying their usual *prayers*, and *crossing and blessing themselves*, they formed into two divisions, one party to massacre those in the dwelling-house—the other, all that were confined in the barn! The first party hauled out 37 from the dwelling-house, and commenced shooting them, while the other division surrounded the barn, against the walls of which they placed ladders to stand on, and set it on fire in several places. The cries of the poor sufferers for mercy were unavailing; files of pikemen guarded the doors, who, regardless of age or sex, stabbed the victims as they attempted to escape, and thrust them back again into the flames, while others kept firing in upon them, and some ran their pikes through the bodies of those that were burning. Of 224 prisoners, 37 were shot, and 184 burned to death, among whom were 20 women and children. It is said that not less than 400 Protestants were massacred in Enniscorthy and on Vinegar Hill, and 97 on Wexford-bridge, where they were piked, and their bodies thrown into the water. These victims, and a great many beside, who perished in other

places during the rebellion, were all barbarously murdered in cold blood.—*See Taylor's History of the Rebellion in the County of Wexford in the year* 1798.

STANZA IV.—LINE 7.—"*Popes monarchs degraded.*"

The powers usurped by the Popes in past ages, and the wars which resulted from the intrigues of the court of Rome, are too universally known to require more than a brief notice here. The following instances at different periods will be sufficient to show how anxious they were to grasp at universal dominion, in temporal as well as spiritual affairs, assuming to themselves the prerogative of disposing of crowns as well as bishoprics, as if the pretended successors of Peter, the humble fisherman, should reign lords over the whole earth. In the year A.D, 751, Pope Zachary took the kingdom of France from Childeric III., and gave it to Pepin, who was mayor of the deposed monarch's palace. In the year 1077, Gregory VII., commonly called Hildebrand, excommunicated the Emperor Henry IV., and excited his subjects to rebel against him; and to such straits was this prince reduced, that he was obliged to make submission to the Pope, who, before he would grant him an audience, compelled the degraded monarch, in the month of February, to wait three days in the open air, barefooted and bareheaded, before his residence, at the entrance of the fortress of Canusium, with no other covering than a piece of coarse woollen cloth, thrown round his body. In the year 1155, Adrian IV. insisted on the Emperor Francis I. holding his stirrup when he was about to mount his horse. In the year 1177, Alexander III. caused the Emperor Frederick I. to kneel and kiss his foot, and some writers affirm that he actually trode on the neck of the prostrate sovereign. The same haughty pontiff obliged King Henry II. of England to perform penance at the tomb of Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, where he submitted to a flagellation.

Pope Innocent III. claimed the empire of the world, and disposed of crowns and sceptres both in Europe and Asia. In the year 1212, he deposed King John of England, in a council of prelates and cardinals, and wrote to Philip Augustus, King of France, to undertake the conquest of Britain. The pusillanimous English monarch, in order to avert the danger with which he was threatened, resigned his crown into the hands of the Pope's legate, and did homage for it to the lordly pontiff, binding himself to pay an annual tribute to the see of Rome of 700 marks for England and 300 for Ireland. In the year 1568, Pius IV. published a bull, for the purpose of depriving Queen Elizabeth of her dominions; but in the reign of this mighty princess,

Popery received its death-blow in England.—*See Moskeim's Ecclesiastical History, and Platina's Lives of the Popes, &c.*

SONG XV.—"*The Straw Humbug.*"

The first intimation of this extraordinary farce that we find noticed in the public journals, appeared in the Dublin *Evening Packet.* According to a correspondent of that paper, it commenced on the evening of Monday, the 11th of June, 1832, in the barony of Slievemariga, in the Queen's County. The account of the proceeding commences thus—"On Monday evening the 11th inst., the whole of this extensive barony was thrown into confusion by numbers of men running from house to house distributing blessed turf, straw, &c., to the inmates!!! On receiving this blessing, they were required to say five Pater Nosters, five Ave Marias, and five Credos. They said they were ordered to do so by the Priests, as a preservative against the cholera morbus." The mania spread generally over the kingdom, extending with great rapidity from South to North, to the terror and alarm of the Protestants, who could not know what meaning to attach to the nocturnal movements of their Roman Catholic neighbours. Who were the originators of this piece of foolery, or for what purpose it was set in motion, still remains involved in mystery; but it is not at all improbable that it was the act of some of the political leaders, done by way of experiment, to try, in the event of a general rising being contemplated, how soon the arrangements for it could be communicated to the Romanists of Ireland.

SONG XIX.—"*Mrs. Elizabeth Graham, of Magilligan.*"

This lady is the youngest daughter of the late William Johnson, Esq., of Bettyville, in the County of Limerick, by Elizabeth, only daughter of Joseph England, of Cahircalla, Esq., High Sheriff of the County of Clare, and uncle of Lieutenant-General Richard England, late Governor of Plymouth, and Colonel of the 5th Regiment of Foot, in which her brother, David England Johnson, Esq., is senior Major. Mrs. England, of Cahircalla, was daughter of Thomas M'Mahon, Esq., of Clonina Castle, a direct descendant from Mahon, elder brother of Brien Boru, and his predecessor on the throne of Ireland.

SONG XLI.—STANZA I.—LINES 5 and 6.

"Accurs'd be that Pope's fatal bull
That brought King Henry o'er."

It is somewhat remarkable, that while Mr. O'Connell so frequently deprecates the subjugation of Ireland to the British Crown, he never

utters one word condemnatory of Pope Adrian IV., at whose instigation it was effected. This *Sovereign Pontiff* had the arrogance to make a grant of the kingdom, by a Bull, to Henry the Second of England, although he had no jurisdiction whatever over it himself at the time, as will be seen in the works of Archbishop Usher, and other ecclesiastical writers, who show that the Roman Catholic doctrines were not held in Ireland till after that period.

SONG XLIII.—"*The Gallant Grahams.*"

"The ancient and powerful family of Graham held extensive possessions in the counties of Dumbarton and Stirling. Few families can boast of more historical renown, having claim to three of the most remarkable characters in Scottish annals. Sir John the Græme, the faithful and undaunted partaker of the labours and patriotic warfare of Wallace, fell on the unfortunate field of Falkirk in 1298, The celebrated Marquis of Montrose, in whom De Retz realized an abstract idea of the heroes of antiquity, was the second of these worthies; and notwithstanding the severity of his temper, and the rigour with which he executed the oppressive mandates of the Prince whom he served, I do not hesitate to name as the third, John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, whose heroic death in the arms of victory may be allowed to cancel the memory of his cruelty to the Nonconformists during the reigns of Charles II. and James II."—*Sir Walter Scott.* A fourth has been found in our own days—the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Graham, of Balgowan, Baron Lynedoch, who, for his distinguished services in the Peninsular war, particularly at the battle of Barossa and the siege of St. Sebastian, was raised to the dignity of the Peerage of England, with a well-merited annuity of £2,000 a-year, to be enjoyed by the two next possessors of the title. He also received the repeated thanks of both Houses of Parliament for his heroic services. He is a General in the army, and Colonel of the 90th Regiment of Foot. His ancestor was John Graham, of Garvock, lineally descended from William, third son of Sir William Graham, Lord of Kincardine, by Lady Marota Stewart, daughter of Robert III., King of Scotland. This William was the father of John Graham, of Balgowan, in the county of Perth, which property he purchased in 1584. His Lordship, now in extreme old age, is the only son of Thomas Graham, of Balgowan, Esq., by Christian, daughter of the Earl of Hopetown, and grand-daughter of the Marquis of Annandale. He married Mary, daughter of William, ninth Lord Cathcart, who died in 1792, and has no issue. He commenced his

military career at Toulon, in 1796, and is justly called by Sir Walter Scott

> A hero of a race renown'd of old,
> Whose war-cry oft did raise the battle swell.

SONG XLIV.—STANZA II.—LINE 6.

"The island as settled before 'Ninety-eight.'"

It is almost universally known, that the late rebellion in Ireland was undertaken for the express purpose (in the event of its proving successful) of establishing in this country an Hibernian Republic, in close alliance with France. A plan to that effect was proposed by Lord Edward Fitzgerald and the celebrated Wolf Tone to the French Directory, in 1797. From the recent allusion of Mr. O'Connell to France, and the joy evinced by him at the apparent prospect of a rupture between her and England, there can be no doubt but that the arch-agitator and the repeal patriots of the present day wish, through the assistance of the French, to separate Ireland from Great Britain and erect it into an independent kingdom, the throne of which to be filled by a Popish sovereign, under the protection of France and other of the continental powers.

SONG L.—STANZA II.—LINE 3.—"*Leslie.*"

John Leslie was born in the north of Scotland, in the year 1572, and at an early period of life travelled over a great part of the continent of Europe. He resided principally in France, where he became a great proficient in ancient and modern learning, and a master of the French, Spanish, and Italian languages, continuing abroad for 25 years. On his return, in 1622, he became Bishop of Orkney, or the Isles, and was appointed a member of the Privy Council; and took the degree of Doctor of Divinity at Oxford.

He came into Ireland in the summer of 1633, when he was made a Privy Councillor, and was translated to the Episcopal see of Raphoe.

While in possession of this see, he received a third part of the estate of it by an expensive law-suit; and, in prospect of the approaching troubles, built a castellated palace there, where he, in a very few years afterwards, did not think it unbecoming his sacred office to take arms with the Protestants of the surrounding districts in self-defence, when the religion, lives, and properties of all but the members of the Church of Rome were devoted to destruction.

After the declension of the cause of King Charles the First in England, he equipped a considerable number of the Protestants of Raphoe, and the Lagan, a populous tract of country near it; and,

marching at their head on the way to Magherabeg, where Sir Ralph Gore was besieged by the rebels, he halted with his gallant band, which is said not to have exceeded 500—the enemy having as many thousands—at the entrance to the Gap of Barnesmore.

He there knelt upon a flag by the highway-side, and offered up the following prayer, which, it must be confessed, was a rash one, and which, except mercifully disregarded, as to divine interference, was one, the granting of which would have been his utter and merited destruction, and that of every one of those with him:—"Almighty God, unto whom all hearts be open, thou knowest the righteousness of the cause we have taken in hand, and that we are actuated by the clearest conviction that our motive is just: but as our manifold sins and wickednesses are not hid from thee, we presume not to claim thy protection, trusting in our perfect innocence; yet if we be sinners, they are not saints: though, then, thou vouchsafe not to be with us, be not against us, but stand neutral this day, and let the arm of flesh decide it."—*Archdall's Account of the Family of Leslie.*

The enterprise was successful, the 5,000 rebels were routed, and 500 of them left dead upon the field. They had most cruelly ravaged the surrounding country, which was then providentially rescued from farther sufferings.—*Ibid.*

The Bishop afterwards endured a siege in his castle at Raphoe, and was the last who surrendered in Ulster to the dominion of Cromwell.

He died at Glasslough in December, 1671, in the hundredth year of his age, having been successively Bishop of Orkney, Raphoe, and Clogher, for 50 years. His remains were interred in the adjoining parish Church, which he had himself built; and a very fine portrait of him remains in Glasslough House. Bishop Leslie was ancestor of the present Bishop of Elphin, the Leslies of Tarbert, in the county of Kerry, and the Scotts of Willsborough, in the county of Londonderry. It would be desirable that the likeness of this Prelate should be preserved by an engraving and a memoir of him given among those of illustrious persons born in Ireland, or connected with it, in the interesting work now in progress of publication. The same may be said of the portraits and memoirs of Walker, Murray, and Cairnes—a likeness of Murray being to be found in the tapestry, representing the siege of Derry, and still in preservation in the Bank of Ireland.

SONG LII.—STANZA II.—LINE 7.—"*M'Sweyn's ocean gun.*"

This singular cavern takes its name from a chieftain of the feudal times, who is said to have built Doe Castle, from which place it is about ten miles distant, and within two of Dunfanaghy, on the western

coast of the county of Donegal. The Atlantic is here bounded by a ledge of rocks, known by the name of Horn-Head, which rises almost perpendicularly about 400 feet above the level of the sea. The aperture, which has the appearance of a chimney flue, is about nine feet in length, of an oblong form, varying from two to six feet in width. In stormy weather, particularly when the wind blows from the west, the waves rush into it with great violence, making a noise like thunder, not only forcing up the water into the air, but even stones, to a height of 40 feet, and instances are mentioned of cattle having been killed by them. A stone of an immense size is shewn to visiters, which tradition states was brought by order of MacSweyne, and put on the mouth of the hole, for the purpose of stopping it: it was, however, removed by the first storm. The opening, though in the solid rock, has of late years become so wide from the perpetual action of the tide, that it has ceased to roar, except when the wind blows from a certain point during a very strong gale; and as there was no storm on the day his Excellency visited Doe Castle, if it roared, as asserted by the Editor of the *Derry Journal*, some supernatural agency must have been at work.

Song LIII.—Stanza V.—Line 1.—"*Owen M'Egan.*"

1603, January 3d. Owen M'Egan, the Popish Bishop of Ross, and Vicar Apostolical in Ireland, was killed in battle in the barony of Carberry, and county of Cork. He died fighting with a sword in one hand and his beads in the other. He fell by a musket shot, which so terrified the rebels who fought under his command, and thought him invulnerable, that they threw away their arms and fled for their lives, casting themselves into the river at Bandon, where those who survived the fury of their pursuers were drowned.

Lines 3 and 4.

"A zealous Bishop's red blood dyed
The frowning gate of Derry."

1650. Ever MacMahon being this day defeated with an army which he commanded at Skirsollas, near Letterkenny, fled from the scene of slaughter through Lifford and Omagh, towards Enniskillen, but was taken in his flight by Major King, ancestor of Lord Kingston, at Omagh. He was sent to Enniskillen, where he was hanged by order of the Lord President of Ulster. His head was cut off and sent to Sir Charles Coote, at Derry, with those of several of his officers who had been executed with him, and their heads placed on poles over the gate of the City.—*Desiderata Curiosa Hibernica.*

STANZA VI.—LINE 2.—"*Murphy.*"

The story of Priest Murphy, who was killed at the battle of Arklow, in 1798, is too well known to be rehearsed here.

SONG LXI.—"*St. Bartholomew's Day.*"

These stanzas, in which a few verbal alterations have been made, appeared originally in the *Church of England Magazine*, with the signature of "M. A. Stodart" attached. The writer of this Note, being struck with the vigorous style in which they were written, took the liberty of adapting them to an air, and placing them among his selections in this book. To attempt to go into a detail of this bloody massacre, where upwards of 70,000 Protestants were inhumanly butchered in cold blood in Paris, at the instigation of the Church of Rome, would far exceed the limits allotted to these Notes. The dreadful occurrence affixes a stain upon that apostate church, and on the pages of the history of France, too indelible to be ever removed.

SONG LXIX.—STANZA 1.—LINES 5 AND 6.

"Our Priests in the van with their crosses before us,
In Dublin can march now as bold as in Rome."

At the demonstrations of physical force which took place in Dublin and other large towns throughout the kingdom on Patrick's Day, the Priests walked at the head of the assembled multitudes carrying crosses, &c., much after the manner in which they are in the habit of parading periodically in Rome and other cities where the Host is carried in procession.

STANZA IV.—LINE 7.

"To wear Orange colours is reckoned high treason."

Colonel Blacker, an upright and impartial Magistrate belonging to the County of Armagh, was deprived a few years ago of the commission of the peace without being accused of any offence, but merely because his lady had displayed some orange ribands on the 12th of July, which was, probably, at head-quarters, construed into a high misdemeanor. The exertions made by the Government to punish Protestants for commemorating the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, the day which established Protestantism on a firm basis in these kingdoms, show how correct Burns's view of loyalty was, when he observed—

"What may be called loyal to-day may bring us a halter to-morrow;"

for it is admitted generally that the Orangemen of Ireland rendered important service to the country in the years 1798 and 1803, but now they are persecuted and placed in the felon's dock should they attempt

to wear an orange lily, while the sons of the rebels whom their fathers subdued are fondled and caressed.

SONG LXVIII.—STANZA I.—LINE 5.

"The Colours by their hands renew'd."

The anniversary of the Shutting of the Gates of Derry was observed on the 18th of December, 1839, with more than usual enthusiasm, in consequence of the Conservative Ladies of the city and neighbourhood renewing the Colours captured from the French during the siege. On this occasion, the Corporation, followed by the Apprentice Boys and a vast concourse of Protestants, marched from Corporation-Hall to the Cathedral. Before the arrival of the procession, the Ladies who had subscribed to the new Flags had ranged themselves in order at each side of the principal aisle, and on the procession approaching, which was announced by the discharge of a cannon from the ramparts, the Ladies moved toward the Church door, and four of their number, namely, the Lady Mayoress, Lady Elizabeth Ash, Mrs. Miller, Mayoress elect, and Mrs. Colonel Blacker, supporting the banners, met it, and handed the Colours to the Worshipful Sir Robert Bateson, Bart., Mayor, who, in the name of the Ladies, presented them to the Apprentice Boys, by whom they were placed within the chancel of the Catheral, and afterwards in their usual place on each side of the large Gothic chancel window. The banners were of pure white silk, with the French *fleur-de-lis* at the corners, and tastefully worked by the hands of the fair donors. The Church was thronged to overflowing, and the immense congregation were greatly edified by an eloquent and appropriate sermon delivered by the Rev. Archibald Boyd, who preached from 2 Kings xix. 32, 33, 34. The Reading-desk services were performed by the Rev. J. Kincaid and the Rev. R. W. Burton.

SONG LXXI.—"*Walker's Pillar.*"

The foundation-stone of this Pillar was laid by the Worshipful Richard Young, Esq., Mayor of Derry, accompanied by the members of the Corporation, Apprentice Boys, and an immense number of Protestants, on the 18th December, 1826. It was completed on the 1st of August (O. S.) 1828, when the Corporation and a vast assemblage of the citizens and Protestants from the surrounding district assembled on the Walls. In the year 1836 the following inscription was placed on the Monument, by order of the Hon. the Irish Society:—

"This Monument was erected to perpetuate the memory of the Rev. George Walker, who, aided by the garrison and brave inhabitants of i

city, most gallantly defended it through a protracted siege, viz., from the 7th of December, 1688, O. S., to the 12th August following, against an arbitrary and bigoted Monarch, heading an army of upwards of 20,000 men, many of whom were foreign mercenaries, and by such valiant conduct in numerous sorties, and by patiently enduring extreme privations and sufferings, successfully resisted the besiegers, and preserved for their posterity the blessings of civil and religious liberty."

THE typographical errors in the foregoing pages are but few and unimportant, and have consequently been left to the correction of the reader, instead of being referred to in an errata. In the Note on the name of Montgomery, however, it is necessary to make the following correction—namely, that the Lady Elizabeth mentioned in it, who married Francis Mansfield, Esq., of Mounthall, was sister to the last Earl of Mount-Alexander, and not daughter of the Laird of Duntra. This information was communicated by one of the descendants of her Ladyship, after the page in which the note referred to appears had been printed.

☞ *The Publisher of this Work wishes to inform the Protestant public, that "Ireland Preserved; or the Siege of Derry and Battle of Aughrim, a new and improved edition," with considerable additions and notes, containing records of the names and families of the most distinguished persons engaged in the Irish War of the Revolution, in the years* 1689, 1690, *and* 1691, *by the Rev.* JOHN GRAHAM, *is now in the Press, and may be expected to appear shortly.*

THE END.

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